

السنة 1350

Friday, October 11

Saturday October 12 1996

Also check D 8 50
Albania D 20
Andorra FF 10
Australia AS 50
Belgium BF 65
Brazil R 20
Canada C 25
Czech Republic KC50
Denmark DK 16
Ecuador D 10
France FF 10
Germany DM 3.50
Greece D 400
Hong Kong HK\$ 25
Hungary H 200
Iceland IK 105
India IN 55
Israel IS 9.00
Italy L 3,000
Japan Y 100
Kenya KSH 150
Korea KRW 100
Latvia L 300
Lithuania L 200
Luxembourg LF 55
Malaysia M 270
Malta M 20
Mexico MX 20
New Zealand NZ 2.00
Norway N 4.00
Netherlands G 4.00
Norway NK 16
Oman OR 1.00
Pakistan R 70
Poland Z 2.00
Portugal P 200
Romania R 200
Russia R 200
Saudi Arabia R 10
Slovakia SK 20
Slovenia SZ 200
Spain P 200
Sweden S 200
Switzerland SF 3.20
Thailand T 20
Turkey TL 100
USA US\$ 2.75

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The Week

I vomit on the Government
Sir James Goldsmith

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The Joanna Coles interview

Clive James on why he never stops

The Week page 15

The 20th century's answer to trauma

Making it bearable

Arts, The Week page 18



PM delights conference with attack on integrity of 'old school tie' Blair
Major: Now it's personal

Michael White
Political Editor

JOHN Major yesterday surprised and delighted his party faithful with a mocking attack on the integrity and inexperience of Tony Blair...

The Tory tabloids are beginning to talk of a presidential struggle between "Honest John" and "Phoney Tony"...

Tory officials and MPs complain that their chief is on the receiving end of similar jibes and yesterday could point to Labour's party political broadcast on Thursday night...

Buzzwords

Table with 2 columns: Buzzword, Times used in Major speech. Includes Labour (23), Conservative (8), Tax (16), Britain (11), Blair (3), Hamilton (0), Greer (0), Sleaze (0).

sonalised campaign as Mr Major struggles to close a 20 point gap in the polls. Later in his speech, he contrasted his own schooling with the sort of privileged education Mr Blair and Ms Harman had.

The Prime Minister presented himself as the latest in a long line of "Opportunity for All" Tory leaders, from Disraeli to Margaret Thatcher.

He buttressed it with rehearsed pledges on key policy areas like law and order - a plan for "tagging" convicted children as young as 10 - education, "dole to dignity" welfare reforms and the familiar promise of lower taxes, a basic rate of 20p, but only when it is affordable.

With his party uniting behind the Cabinet's European policy after Kenneth Clarke's fighting speech on Thursday, Mr Major told his troops that he will be touring the country to win.



John Major yesterday... voter-friendly pledges and attack on Tony Blair's 'inexperience' PHOTOGRAPH: GRHAM TURNER

Avuncular John pats a few heads

Commentary

Hugo Young

JOHN Major made a pitch yesterday as the uncle, if not the father, of the nation. It was his way of patronising Tony Blair, young Mr Blair he called him, a schoolboy aspirant for the top job, a lad who has no experience of "grown-up politics".

So Mr Blair was yesterday's main target, with a subtle change of direction. The old litany of attacks on the unconstructed socialists who are about to eat the Labour leader for breakfast has been replaced by more personal stuff about the man himself.

Every time you hear the word "smarmy" springing apparently fresh from the brow of a tabloid feature writer or other Tory hack, be on notice that this comes from the Conservative news manipulators, who are hoping by dint of repetition to make "smarmy" Blair as infamous as "windbag" Kinnock.

Mr Major had a go at it, with his reference to old school ties, and the comparison with life at the bottom of Coldharbour Lane, Brixton. But the substance of his message was that these juveniles are not fit to be trusted with the British economic miracle.

In one respect, they have an advantage that is, for better or worse, inextinguishable. There was no doubt yesterday about the kind of world for which the Tories speak.

This, if you like what's happened and want to hang on to it, is a much more potent message than the Tories' own juvenilia, smearing graffiti dev Turn to page 2, column 3

A triumph of the ordinary over the not too bad

Sketch

Simon Hoggart

THE Prime Minister was promising a very personal election tour. "If you want to know where I am, it's very easy!" he said. "North, south, east or west, I'll be where you are!" Steady on, I thought. The last person to make the claim of omnipresence was Jesus. We knew Mr Major was feeling more confident, but this was ridiculous.

these occasions. The theme of the conference was ordinariness, and he was, as ever, triumphantly ordinary, thunderously not too bad, stепенously just about OK.

the hat, please, yes, the prize of dinner for two at the Bournemouth Bait House goes to number... (I made the second bit up, but it gives you the mood.)

burp. A Major speech should be like a Sunday afternoon stroll in the country. But things keep going wrong. You snag your Val Doonican sweater on the barbed wire. You get your brogues stuck in the mud.

Michael Heseltine first got a standing ovation at this conference. And no one has sat down ever since! You suppose you know what that means, but you can't work out why he put it like that. Meanwhile, the speech moves onward, but without you.

with you. I don't believe you, Mr Adams! It reflects the Government's new total disdain for Mr Adams, and it sounds sincere.

Inside

News

Education chiefs have apologised after a year of Douglas's victim, and his classmates were given a picture of a girl to colour.

World News

The struggle for power in the Kremlin reached fever pitch as Boris Yeltsin's rivals were accused of plotting his downfall.

Finance

Three executives of a small merchant bank are sharing a pay and perks package of more than £8 million.

Sport

Manchester United made a paper profit of £39 million as the share price soared on rumours of a takeover bid. The Week.

Comment and Letters 8
TV, Radio and Weather 2
The Week
Crossword 24
Sport 20-24

We agree with the Harriet Harman on the right.

We applaud Ms Harman because, like every other right-thinking parent, she has chosen to put the education of her child before political dogma.

Parental Choice Matters



"I do not support Labour's plans, including abolishing the Assisted Places Scheme"

"It is right to make the proper choice for your child"



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Bishop Carlos Belo, honoured for seeking 'to protect his people from infringements by those in power' at the risk to his own life. PHOTOGRAPH BY ENNY NURAHEN

E Timor peace activists win Nobel prize

Jon Henley in Helsinki and John Aglyon in Jakarta

CARLOS BELO, the Roman Catholic bishop of East Timor, and Jose Ramos Horta, an exiled resistance leader, were declared the joint winners of this year's Nobel Peace Prize yesterday for their efforts to bring peace to the former Portuguese territory annexed by Indonesia 30 years ago.

The award, which prompted annoyance in Indonesia but was widely applauded elsewhere, was the most overtly political since leading international spokesman for East Timor's cause.

The committee said Indonesia had "systematically oppressed" the people of East Timor. In Jakarta, a foreign minister spokesman, Ghafori Fajri, said: "It is quite a surprise and quite regrettable that such a reputable institution has decided to give this prize to a person like Ramos Horta, who has quite clearly been involved in the manipulation of the people of East Timor for his own interests."

The Nobel committee's chairman, Francis Sejersted, said the committee was they were aware of the risk.

Dunblane anger at school gun gaffe

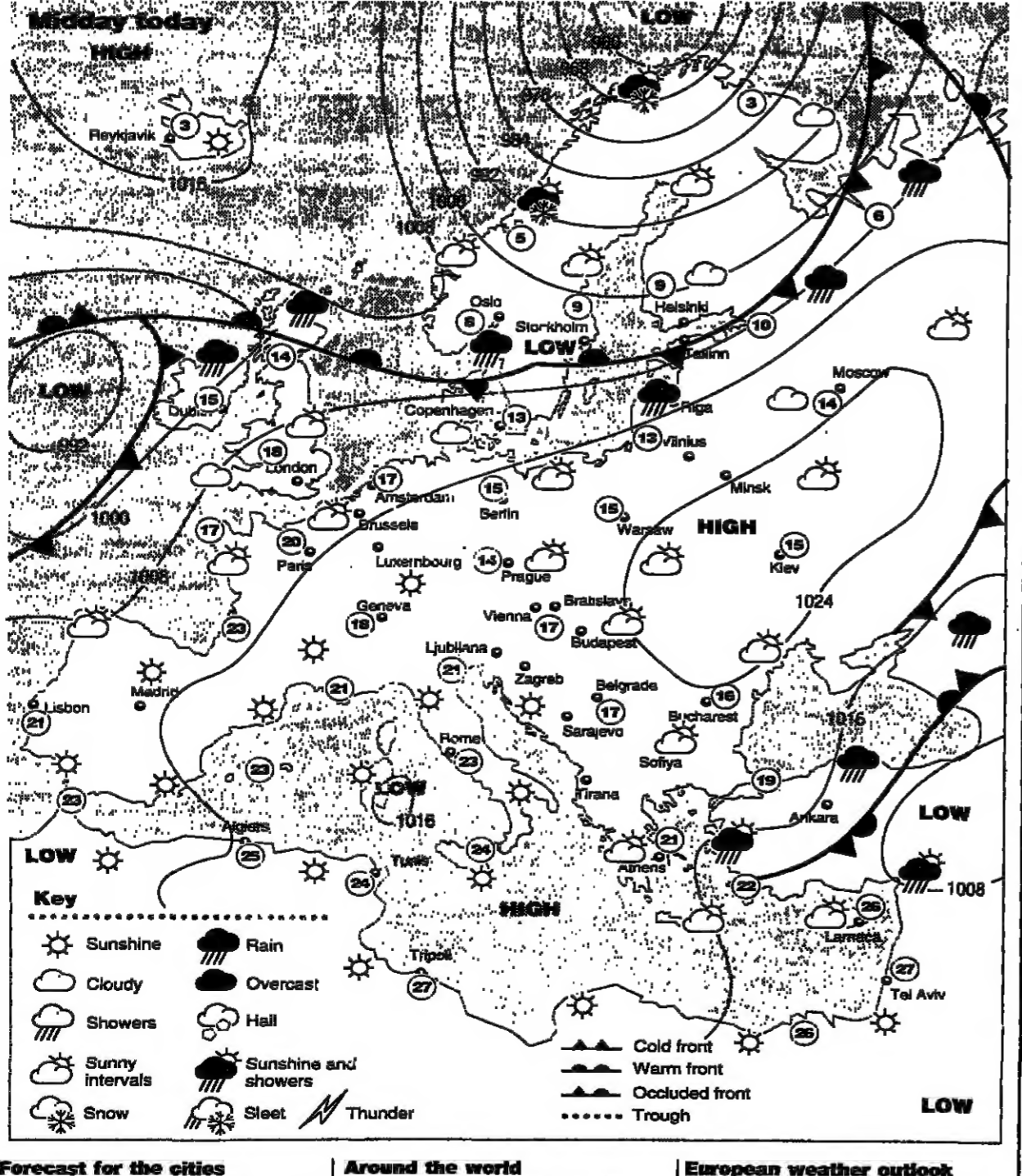
John Carvel Education Editor

SCOTTISH education chiefs offered an unreserved apology last night after five-year-old children who were sitting back into school life after the trauma of the attack in March which claimed the lives of 16 of their classmates.

The sheets were handed out as part of an alphabet lesson for children who were sitting back into school life after the trauma of the attack in March which claimed the lives of 16 of their classmates.

do you? I would appeal to schools all over the country to check their teaching materials for this sort of thing.

The weather in Europe



Television and radio - Saturday

BBC 1: 6:00am News, 7:00am News, 8:00am News, 9:00am News, 10:00am News, 11:00am News, 12:00pm News, 1:00pm News, 2:00pm News, 3:00pm News, 4:00pm News, 5:00pm News, 6:00pm News, 7:00pm News, 8:00pm News, 9:00pm News, 10:00pm News, 11:00pm News, 12:00am News.

Television and radio - Sunday

BBC 1: 7:00am News, 8:00am News, 9:00am News, 10:00am News, 11:00am News, 12:00pm News, 1:00pm News, 2:00pm News, 3:00pm News, 4:00pm News, 5:00pm News, 6:00pm News, 7:00pm News, 8:00pm News, 9:00pm News, 10:00pm News, 11:00pm News, 12:00am News.

Forecast for the cities

City	Today	Tuesday	Wednesday
Algeria	18-24	18-24	18-24
Amsterdam	12-18	12-18	12-18
Antwerp	12-18	12-18	12-18
Athens	18-24	18-24	18-24
Berlin	12-18	12-18	12-18
Bombay	28-34	28-34	28-34
Boston	12-18	12-18	12-18
Brussels	12-18	12-18	12-18
Cairo	20-26	20-26	20-26
Chennai	28-34	28-34	28-34
Copenhagen	12-18	12-18	12-18
Dublin	12-18	12-18	12-18
Geneva	12-18	12-18	12-18
Helsinki	12-18	12-18	12-18
London	12-18	12-18	12-18
Lyon	12-18	12-18	12-18
Madrid	12-18	12-18	12-18
Moscow	12-18	12-18	12-18
New York	12-18	12-18	12-18
Paris	12-18	12-18	12-18
Rome	12-18	12-18	12-18
Stockholm	12-18	12-18	12-18
Taipei	20-26	20-26	20-26
Warsaw	12-18	12-18	12-18

European weather outlook

It will be very cold and wintry north of Oslo and Stockholm with strong winds and occasional outbreaks of rain and snow showers. Southern Scandinavia will be a little milder but mostly cloudy with rain from time to time, although Denmark should stay dry with some bright spells.

Our argument everywhere the best parties through Sir James Gok

The Guardian Saturday October 12, 1996

Large vertical advertisement on the right side of the page, partially cut off. It includes the text 'Our argument everywhere the best parties through Sir James Gok' and 'Page'. There is also a small image of a person's face at the top right.



Gen Malan in 1980 as a top commander of the apartheid era



General Magnus Malan arrives at the Durban court yesterday for the last day of the trial

PHOTOGRAPH: MARK WING



A victim of Inkatha raids on the ANC fuelled by the regime

# South Africa reels as Malan walks free

David Beresford in Johannesburg

## M

**BUSI NTULI** said outside the Durban supreme court yesterday: "South African law has been like this and it's always going to be like this: murderers go free."

The outcome of what has been described as one of South Africa's trials of the century — the acquittal of top military commanders of the apartheid era over the massacre of a priest, five women and seven children in a Durban township on January 21, 1987 — left most of the country in shock.

Mr Ntuli had a special reason for bitterness. His father was the priest, and his three sisters were among those killed in the attack on the house of his brother Victor Ntuli — an anti-apartheid activist — in KwaMakutha township. This massacre formed the basis of the prosecution case against 16 defendants.

There were some, of course, who were celebrating. Beaming broadly outside the court, General Magnus Malan — the highest-ranking apartheid official to face charges for his work in combating opponents of white rule — said a verdict was a victory for truth and democracy.

"While our country is staggering under waves of crime, corruption and stress, an important event took place here today," he said. "All those who believe in democracy can gain hope for the future from this. Today the truth has prevailed."

Gen Malan and his co-accused had denied operating death squads which, the prosecution argued, carried out the 1987 massacre.

Declaring that "our hearts go out to the next-of-kin of the victims of KwaMakutha", Gen Malan — who as head of the armed forces, and then defence minister, led one of the most ruthless killing machines in Africa — offered "a special word of thanks to President [Nelson] Mandela; we are informed that it was due to him that we were able to defend ourselves in this court of law."

Mr Mandela reacted to the

verdict with rectitude, issuing a statement accepting the finding and emphasising his respect and confidence in the judiciary.

"Without confidence in the courts, this society will degenerate into private vengeance and extra-legal activities," the president said.

His statement was clearly aimed at preventing black anger welling up in the wake of the acquittals. "Judicial findings, based on cold and dispassionate analysis of the evidence... must be respected even — or especially — by those who are aggrieved by these findings," Mr Mandela said.

Archbishop Desmond Tutu, commenting at hearings near Cape Town of his Truth Commission investigating the excesses of the apartheid era, spoke more directly to the mood of the townships. Court verdicts, he pointed out, say "very little about moral guilt... The court acquits because the evidence is not sufficient to prove beyond a reasonable doubt. But you know as you walk free out of the court that people know that you did this. You still have to face your God."

In a joint statement issued later with his deputy chairman, Alex Boraine, Bishop Tutu said the court's decision only showed that the Truth Commission "offers a better prospect of establishing the truth about our past than criminal trials."

And there was a word of warning in the statement for the 16 acquitted yesterday: the outcome of the case should bring no reassurance to perpetrators of apartheid-era atrocities. The Truth Commission had not taken a decision whether to investigate the events leading to the Malan trial. "But as with any other investigations, if we were to go ahead we would not hesitate to invite or subpoena those involved in this trial, including those who have been acquitted."

The trial was a battleground for Mr Mandela's ruling African National Congress, and the Zulu-dominated Inkatha Freedom Party of Chief Mangosuthu Buthe — elements of which were co-opted by the 1980s apartheid regime to combat the ANC. About 100 Inkatha

supporters danced and sang outside the courthouse yesterday as police looked on. But Inkatha's secretary-general, Ziba Jiyane, accused the KwaZulu-Natal attorney-general who prosecuted the case, Tim McNally, of succumbing to political pressure to proceed on the basis of insufficient evidence.

Grounds for this accusation were strengthened by Justice Jan Hugo, who complained in his two-day judgment that witnesses who could have corroborated the state's case against Gen Malan and his co-defendants had not been called.

**T**he state's case was heavily dependent on two key witnesses, both of whom were involved in the training of Zulus alleged to have been responsible for the KwaMakutha massacre who had been trained at a secret camp run by South African military intelligence in Namibia.

Captain Johann Opperman — previously in charge of covert training of members of the Angolan rebel movement, Unita — was a commander at the camp who claimed to have passed on orders for the KwaMakutha operation, and Sergeant Andre Cloete testified that he took 10 Caprivi trainees through "dry runs" for the massacre.

But both men were accomplices and their evidence needed corroboration. Other witnesses were available — notably Daluzolo Luthuli, the commander of the Caprivi 200 — but were never called.

Members of the investigation Task Board, the government-appointed unit which investigated the Malan case, were nicknamed the "Untouchables", having been recruited in the belief that they were beyond the influence of the police and military officers they were hunting.

The key member of the unit, Colonel Frank Dutton — celebrated for his success in nailing police officers responsible

for another massacre in the province — is now on attachment to the War Crimes Tribunal in The Hague.

The frustration of the Untouchables at the outcome of the Malan case was evident in a statement they issued yesterday.

"The court has acquitted the accused in accordance with long-accepted legal principles and we must respect the finding," they said. But their investigations had "revealed clear evidence of hit squads operating in the region of KwaZulu Natal over the last 10 years."

The task force had confirmed the existence of the Caprivi training camp and the incorporation of many of its graduates into the police — some of whom had subsequently been involved in hit squad activities. It had produced "prima facie" evidence that "high-ranking officers" had been involved in the KwaMakutha massacre.

The court had accepted that the massacre had been carried out by trainees recruited by Inkatha and trained in the Caprivi under the supervision of Capt Opperman and Sgt Cloete of the South African Defence Force's "detractor" special tasks.

The judge had accepted that AK47s used as the murder weapons were procured by the military.

The case had "supplied an insight into the operations of the security apparatus of the state in the 1980s," the Untouchables' statement said. "Much of this evidence stands untested. It is often said that courtrooms are not the best places for the exposure of the full picture."

The statement said the ITU would report on its disposal "in due course".

The KwaZulu-Natal attorney-general, Mr McNally, wished the accused well yesterday. "Justice was seen to be done by the whole world," he said.

Leader comment, page 8

### The case

THE trial was centred on accusations that the former apartheid government waged a dirty war against its opponents.

In a seven-month trial, 16 men faced counts of murder and conspiracy for a 1987 death-squad massacre in the KwaMakutha black township, south of Durban. Thirteen people were killed at the home of an anti-apartheid activist, Victor Ntuli.

A broader "catch-all" charge accused the defendants of conspiring to eliminate opponents of the regime between 1988 and 1989.

**THE DEFENDANTS** Magnus Malan; former defence minister and armed-forces chief, aged 65. The most senior apartheid-era official to face charges linked to the killings of opponents.

15 co-defendants: Six Zulu police, Inkatha fighters who received special military training in the 1980s, accused of carrying out the Durban attack; a top Inkatha official, M.Z. Khumalo; three generals, two majors, a

vice-admiral, a brigadier and a senior policeman.

**THE DEFENCE** Gen Malan admits he helped set up Operation Marion, a plan to train the Zulu-dominated Inkatha Freedom Party to attack groups linked to the African National Congress.

He claims the operation was legitimate and younger renegade officers ran it autonomously; if its forces had a part in the Durban massacre, he was unaware.

**THE JUDGMENT** Justice Jan Hugo condemned key prosecution witnesses as liars, rejecting much of the evidence from a former military intelligence officer, Captain Johann Opperman, and his assistant, Sergeant Andre Cloete. He denied them immunity from future prosecution.

He said Gen Malan and other top generals were involved in planning in the 1980s, a military operation against anti-apartheid figures, but had no intention or idea it would include hit squads.

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**"Our arguments are being disseminated everywhere. We have the best research and the best legal advice. We irrigate the other parties throughout Europe."**

Sir James Goldsmith talks to Hugo Young

The Week page 13

News in brief

Accountant jailed for theft of church funds

AN accountant, who funded a luxurious lifestyle by plundering Church of England coffers of more than £237,000, was yesterday jailed for three years. Dean Bailey, aged 34, described as a "Walter Mitty character", splashed out on £100 opera tickets, paid for boxes at Lord's Cricket Ground and took a five-star holiday in the Caribbean.

Woman aged 87 raped

POLICE are hunting a rapist who subjected an 87-year-old woman to a sustained sex attack lasting up to five hours at her home in Silsworth, Sunderland, on Wednesday.

Mandela praises 'friend' Blair

NELSON Mandela welcomed Tony Blair to South Africa yesterday with praise for the Labour leader's youth, his party and remarks which almost amounted to political backing.

Labour MP dies of cancer

TERRY Patchett, the soft-spoken Yorkshire miner who became Labour MP for Barnsley East, died yesterday after a long fight against cancer. Mr Patchett, aged 56, was one of the last of a breed of manual workers until he entered Parliament.

Mother must stay in jail

A MOTHER jailed for repeatedly refusing to obey a court order for contact between her four-year-old daughter and her ex-partner must stay in prison, the Court of Appeal ruled yesterday.

Dentist jailed for fraud

A DENTIST was jailed for a year yesterday for defrauding the NHS of about £20,000 by pretending he was being called out on emergencies. He was Wai Edmund Chan, 41, who ran a dental surgery in Rushden, Hampshire, treated patients in working hours, then claimed they had been treated on a Sunday and dishonestly claimed on-call payments.

Prince names new secretary

THE Prince of Wales has promoted his deputy private secretary to succeed Commander Richard Aylard as private secretary. Stephen Lamport, aged 44, a career Foreign Office diplomat who was seconded to the prince's office in 1986, is expected to take over by Christmas, when Commander Aylard is expected to leave.



Is the Pope a catholic? Not when he played football. Exclusive interview with the Pope's best mate... a Polish Jew. The Observer

Warning, by Jenny Joseph

When I am an old woman I shall wear purple With a red hat which doesn't go, and doesn't suit me. And I shall spend my pension on brandy and summer gloves

You can wear terrible shirts and grow more fat And eat three pounds of sausages at a go Or only bread and pickle for a week

But now we must have clothes that keep us dry And pay our rent and not swear in the street And set a good example for the children.

But maybe I ought to practise a little now? So people who know me are not too shocked and surprised When suddenly I am old, and start to wear purple.

Evergreen status for a poem about growing old

Ms Joseph, aged 61, a former journalist, lecturer and pub landlady, heard the news while preparing for a poetry reading at Dorchester last night in aid of one of her favourite charities, the Living South African.



Jenny Joseph... Has had 'a lot of touching letters' about the poem

chosen Stevie Smith's poem, or work by Ted Hughes or Philip Larkin. Mr Hughes, the present Poet Laureate, did not make the top 10. He received fewer votes than his ex-wife, the late Sylvia Plath, who just missed inclusion.

Voted the top 10

- 1. Warning (Jenny Joseph) 2. Not Waving But Drowning (Stevie Smith) 3. Do Not Go Gentle... (Dylan Thomas) 4. This Be The Verse (Philip Larkin) 5. The Whitsun Weddings (Philip Larkin) 6. Stop All The Clocks (W H Auden) 7. Christmas (John Betjeman) 8. Fera Hill (Dylan Thomas) 9. Let Me Die A Young Man's Death (Roger McGough) 10. A Subaltern's Love Song (John Betjeman)

Youth claims friend killed head

Philip Lawrence murder trial hears tales of teenage gangs

The teenager denies murdering Mr Lawrence, 48, and also denies conspiracy to cause grievous bodily harm with a 15-year-old, who also cannot be named.

Poorest pay too much tax due to computer problems

Teressa Hunter MORE than a million of Britain's poorest taxpayers have been overcharged because a government computer has been issuing incorrect codes for at least three years.

Child sex tour boss sent to prison for 16 years

Sarah Boseley on Filipino justice for a Briton who offered girls of 12 to clients

IN THE first case of its kind, a British travel agent was jailed for 16 years by a court in the Philippines yesterday for offering sex with young children to tourists who bought package deals.

evidence that the Philippines was being used by paedophiles after it emerged that the two Britons convicted in May of killing nine-year-old Daniel Handley were regular visitors for sex.



Travel agent Michael Clarke in Manila en route to 16 years in jail for promoting paedophile trips to the Philippines

aged eight and four. But Fr Cullen, who has another two prosecutions, of Swiss travel agents, pending, said: "There is a terrible commercial sex industry, protected by local family politicians."

Africans Christopher cool resp... Mahathir... party... STILL 20% CHEAPER... YOU FIND THE BEST BARGAINS... THE SMALL AD... Mercury Smart...

# Africans give Christopher cool response

Chris McGreal in Arusha

**T**HE United States secretary of state, Warren Christopher, met East African leaders in the Tanzanian town of Arusha yesterday, praising "African solutions to African problems" while urging them to change their policy on Burundi.

Mr Christopher, on his first visit to sub-Saharan Africa, met the presidents of Tanzania, Kenya and Uganda. He was seeking support for US proposals to create an African military force to protect civilians from the ravages of conflicts, such as in Burundi.

At the same time Mr Christopher called on East African leaders to alter their unusually unified approach to a regional crisis by easing their blockade of Burundi at today's summit. He received a lukewarm reception on both counts.

The US has offered to help fund a standing force of 10,000 African soldiers with a United Nations mandate to create safe havens for civilians. Theoretically the troops would not engage in fighting, although they would be authorised to use force to create safe areas. The US says it will meet half the \$25 million cost if European governments make up the difference.

US officials were coolly received when they visited Europe last month to drum up financial support. France, perhaps fearing a threat to its military presence in Africa, said the plan was too vague.

The US proposal is an expansion of plans by the former Tanzanian president Julius Nyerere for African military intervention in Burundi — where 150,000 people have been killed and half the population driven from their homes by civil war. That scheme fell flat when Burundi's army threatened to resist intervention.

Tanzania "welcomed the concept" of the US plan, but behind the scenes African leaders are sceptical, especially about the proposal that the force should fall under UN authority, given the organisation's dire record in Rwanda and Somalia.

Of the three presidents at yesterday's summit, only

Uganda's Yoweri Museveni has spoken of committing troops to such a force. Eight other countries have offered varying endorsements.

The Kenyan president, Daniel arap Moi, leader of the most powerful country in the region, barely concealed his hostility towards the Americans after being forced to make what was seen as a demagogic trip to Tanzania.

While pressing longer-term plans for an African intervention force, Mr Christopher said the world could not stand by if Burundi collapsed.

"Should the situation in Burundi deteriorate further the international community must be prepared to act quickly to prevent a humanitarian catastrophe," he said.

He apparently failed to persuade East African leaders to ease sanctions against Burundi when they meet to consider the crisis today.

The US said Burundi's military leader, Major Pierre Buyoya, should be rewarded for reversing his own edicts dissolving parliament and banning political parties after the coup.

African leaders are more sceptical, and divided. Tanzania's president, Benjamin Mkapa, wants the blockade to continue until Mr Buyoya opens unconditional talks with the Hutu majority, including rebel leaders. President Museveni is more sympathetic to arguments for easing sanctions, but his foreign minister said they should be maintained.

The region remains among the most volatile in Africa. Beside Burundi's war, new fighting is flaring in eastern Zaïre between the army and Zaïran Tutsis. Hutu extremists continue to attack Rwanda, which has responded by shelling Zaïre. Any of these intertwined crises could increase the killing and send millions of people fleeing across borders.

President Moi of Kenya barely hid his hostility towards America

## JONATHAN STEELE in Kabul describes the last hours of Afghanistan's ex-president

# Najibullah's mortal mistake

**M**OHAMMED Najibullah's exercise bike stands unused in the hall, a reminder that the two-storey house defended by soldiers and metal window screens was until recently a "safe haven" for Afghanistan's murdered ex-president.

The doom-laden building, close to several deserted foreign embassies, has already acquired a new tenant. Norbert Hull, the United Nations' special envoy to Afghanistan, is moving in. The rooms where Najibullah, his brother an aide, and a bodyguard spent four years in luxury imprisonment are being turned into offices.

Visitors to the UN Special Mission to Afghanistan can catch a glimpse of Najibullah's way of life: the parallel bars on which he kept himself fit, the underground bunker, the long garden with pine and fir trees.

As the physical environment which sustained the ex-president changes, Afghans and members of the international community who knew him are beginning to talk about his last few weeks and hours before his death on September 27, although most are unwilling to go on the record.

Piecing together their evidence, it now appears that Najibullah left the UN compound willingly when a special hit squad linked to the Taliban militia reached the gates after entering Kabul unopposed.

"We need you. We want to ask you about the situation. We will let you come back," they told him, according to a member of the compound staff who saw the encounter.

Najibullah believed them. At roughly 3pm that afternoon Ghani in the southern Afghan region of Garda, had already endorsed the Taliban, and as a Pashtun he thought he could do a deal with them.

It was a catastrophic mistake. He was taken to the Arg, the nearby presidential palace where he had ruled for six years. He was beaten, tortured and mutilated.

A doctor who examined his body after it was taken down from the public place where it hung saw marks of heavy beating on the torso, apparently from rifle butts or other blunt objects. Najibullah's testicles had been cut off.

What happened after the beating is pure speculation. Terry Pitzner, the American officer in charge of the United Nations High Commission for Refugees in Afghanistan, followed Najibullah's fate closer than any other foreigner. As the designated link man between him and the international community, he regularly visited the compound.

Mr Pitzner says he heard from unnamed sources that Najibullah was told he was to be hanged. "He wanted to make a final statement to sum up his life," Mr Pitzner said. "In Islam that is important. He may have insisted and started yelling. That's when they shot him."

His body was suspended on a rope and put on public display alongside his younger brother, who was hanged to death.

"We became friends. It was a pleasure to see each other," says Mr Pitzner, who brought along a satellite telephone on each visit to the compound so that Najibullah could ring his wife and family in New Delhi.

The ex-president spoke good English and was teaching himself more by listening to the BBC. Mr Pitzner brought him books and other reading matter.

"I took him The Great Game, by Peter Hopkirk, a history of Afghanistan in the last century. It had a profound effect on him and he started to translate it into Pashtu. Afghans keep making the same mistakes. They ought to learn," he told me.

In the last few months of his life Najibullah developed relatively good relations with the mujahedin. He still felt he had a role to play, despite his poor domestic reputation as a former ally of Moscow and head of the secret police. In that job he is said to have ordered the torture and killing of hundreds of prisoners whom he suspected of links with the mujahedin.

"He was a man who wanted to walk out vindicated and leave with honour," Mr Pitzner said.

"He felt he was a victim of the cold war. The Russians and Americans were arming



## Massoud's forces begin to hit back at Taliban

**N**ASIR, a Taliban commander, inspects a burning ammunition depot in Bagram, where a military air base was shelled yesterday by the forces of the former government. Witnesses said at least six shells landed inside the base perimeter during the hour-long attack. The amount of damage is unknown.

The attack, and two others in the area just north of Kabul, seem to have been part of an offensive orchestrated by the former government chief Ahmed Shah Massoud, whose envoys are said to have visited areas around the capital urging forces to turn against the Taliban.

Commander Massoud is thought to be planning the attacks from his Panjshir Valley stronghold, where local Tajiks staged similar raids against Soviet forces in the 1980s — Reuters.

## Massoud's forces begin to hit back at Taliban

former ally of Moscow and head of the secret police. In that job he is said to have ordered the torture and killing of hundreds of prisoners whom he suspected of links with the mujahedin.

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## Massoud's forces begin to hit back at Taliban

arm, and he was still sitting there."

Many UN officials are still unhappy about the organisation's failure to protect Najibullah. The only guards outside the compound were provided by the Afghan government, and when they disappeared as the Taliban took Kabul Najibullah was left unprotected.

Several UN officials in Kabul considered what they

## Massoud's forces begin to hit back at Taliban

should do when staff at the compound told them the guards had gone. Anxious calls went on through the evening, but none of the officials was senior enough to act without political clearance from Islamabad or New York.

The last plane had already left for Pakistan before the Afghan guards withdrew. The only options were to hide Najibullah somewhere else or have another UN plane sent

## Massoud's forces begin to hit back at Taliban

in — something which would have required. To do this after dark in a city which was changing hands could only have been done by help from special forces. "Ultimately the UN relies on its member governments," said one official. "The Security Council had long ago chosen not to offer him protection."

Najibullah was simply a guest who stayed on when his hosts went off to bed.

# Mahathir sees off party rivals

Nick Cumming-Bruce in Kuala Lumpur

**T**HE Malaysian prime minister, Mahathir Mohamad, is likely to reshuffle his cabinet and consolidate his hold on power after fending off a possible leadership challenge.

The triennial assembly of his United Malays National Organisation (Umno), which ends today, has curbed the advance of his deputy and acknowledged heir, Anwar Ibrahim.

Although triumphant in the general election last year, Dr Mahathir — who at 71 has been running Malaysia for 15 years — has come under sharp criticism from the Malay community for "selling out" on racially and culturally sensitive issues.

Since the 1988 assembly of Umno, which dominates Malaysian politics, he has also seemed under pressure from his Mr Anwar.

Mr Anwar's followers and associates have increasingly moved into posts in Umno, whose president and vice-president become prime minister and deputy. But this year's assembly has checked the trend.

Candidates identified with Mr Anwar won the leadership of the party's influential youth and women's organisations.

But Dr Mahathir then delivered an emotional speech, tearfully appealing to the 1,800 delegates to fight growing corruption which, he said, threatened to destroy the party that had ruled Malaysia since independence.

"Our [Malay] race will collapse. This nation will revert to its former state of poverty, chaos and instability," he warned. "The foreigners ... will laugh at us."

Cynics note that Malaysia's so-called money politics has thrived for years, bringing the growing convergence of political clout and economic muscle.

But Dr Mahathir's appeal seems to have been effective. Shortly afterwards the delegates voted for the party's vice-presidents and its policy-making 25-member supreme council. "A lot of people changed their voting lists after his speech," one delegate reported.

They ditched a prominent vice-president closely associated with Mr Anwar. The foreign minister Ahmad Badawi, considered "Mr Clean" and an ally of Dr Mahathir, took his place.

But not all Dr Mahathir's allies fared well. Mr Anwar will have to play a cautious waiting game but Dr Mahathir, too, will need to move adroitly to preserve his upper hand.

## News in brief

### Two held for disco bombing that led to air raid on Libya

**A** GERMAN woman and her Palestinian ex-husband have been arrested in connection with the Berlin discotheque bombing which prompted the United States air attack on Libya 10 years ago, writes Denis Staunton in Berlin.

The couple, identified only as Verena C and Ali C, have been charged with murder and causing an explosion in April 1986 at Le Sella night club, a haunt of US soldiers stationed in West Berlin.

Berlin's chief prosecutor,

Dieter Neumann, said there were firm indications that the bombing was carried out on behalf of Libya.

The German authorities have also issued arrest warrants for three former Libyan diplomats who were based in East Berlin during 1986, and for a Libyan intelligence officer.

Two US servicemen and a Turkish woman died in the night club blast, which led the US to bomb the Libyan cities of Tripoli and Benghazi 10 days later.

### Blueprint for South Africa

South Africa's constitutional assembly yesterday overwhelmingly endorsed a revised blueprint for post-apartheid rule which it hopes to have in place by early 1997.

The reworked constitution was adopted by 389 votes with one vote against and eight abstentions. It will now be seen by the constitutional court, which referred back the first draft. — Reuters.

### Market bomb

A bomb in a crowded Algerian market yesterday killed three people and wounded 72 in Kolea, south-west of Algiers, security forces said. — Reuters.

### US qualms

United States plans to evacuate a second group of Iraqi relief workers from Kurdish northern Iraq have been delayed for fear that some of the

workers may pose security risks to the US, state department officials said this week. — New York Times.

### Leader shot dead

A leader of Bangladesh's ruling party, Obaidul Huq Babul, aged 45, was shot dead by unknown assailants in Dhaka's northern Mirpur district, police said yesterday. — AP.

### New Zealand poll

New Zealanders are widely expected to elect their first woman prime minister today — the Labour leader Helen Clark — in the first election fought under proportional representation, writes Giles Wilson in Wellington.

### Naked intolerance

Hindu fundamentalists in Gujarat state burned some 50 works by a leading Indian painter, Maqbul Fida Husain, a Muslim who portrayed a Hindu deity in the nude, newspapers said yesterday. — AP.

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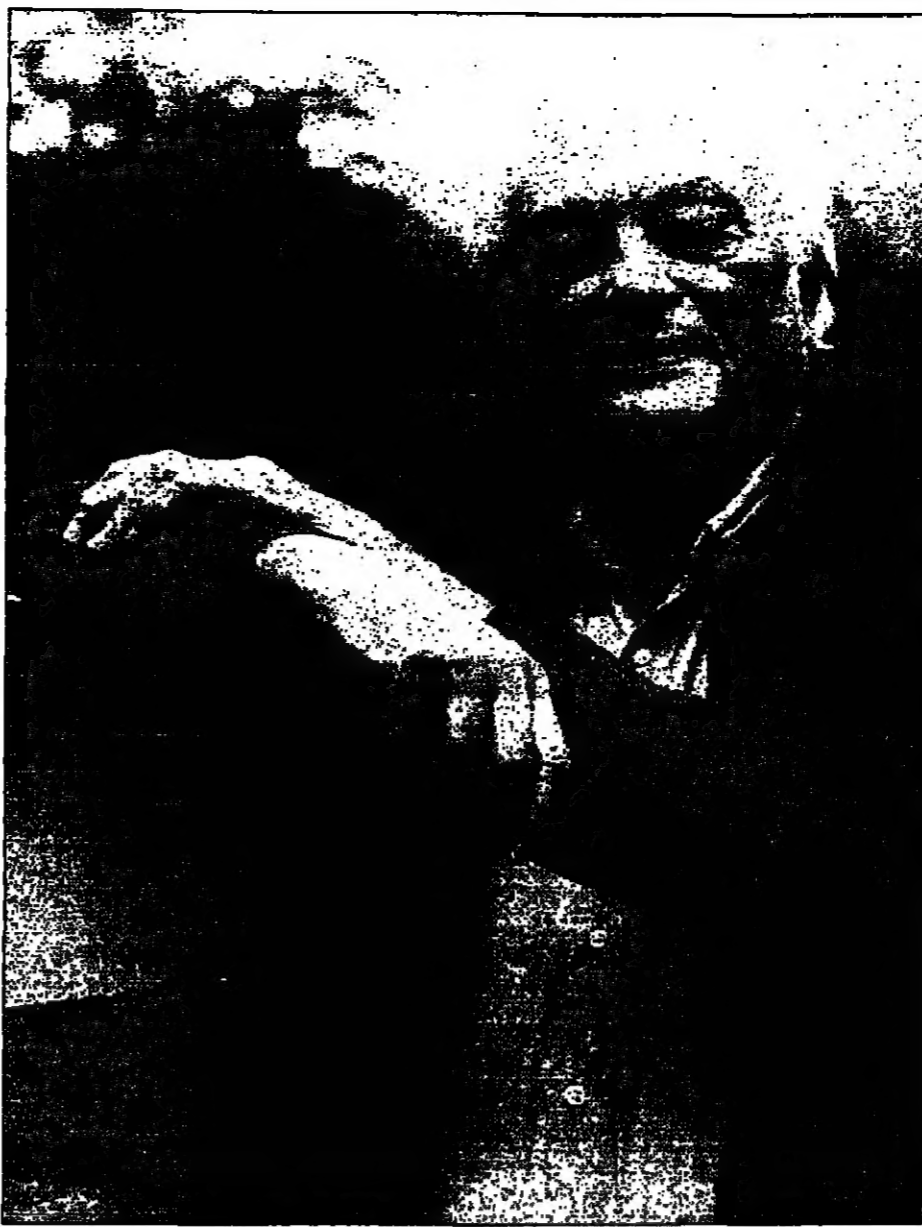


William Vickrey

Economics for humans

WILLIAM Vickrey, who has died aged 82, was the co-winner of this year's Nobel prize in economics for his work on "asymmetric information" — how to address situations where decision makers have different information. On hearing of his achievement three days ago, he went on television, as sharp as ever, and vigorously combatted balanced budgets and monetary unions. "I'll enjoy not so much the money," he said, "but the chance to spread some economic sense into the nonsense world."

Authority to abandon its flat passenger policy and to charge different fares depending on time of day and distance of the journey — long trips in the rush hour would cost more. He argued that his proposals would ensure fair fares and would minimise congestion. Again, it was strong in theory, practical imagination, and detail. One of his schemes which had more success was his implementation of his theories of asymmetric information on auctions. In one form, known as a "Vickrey auction", bids are sealed but the person who submits the highest bid pays only the price stated in the next-highest bid. This procedure was used last year when the Federal Communications Commission auctioned licences of slices of the airwaves.



Nobel minded... laureate Vickrey planned to spread economic sense

PHOTO: RICHARD DREW

Terry Patchett

A rich seam of experience

TERRY PATCHETT, who has died from cancer aged 56, was Labour's MP for Barnsley East since 1983. He was the antisocialist of the leading Commons Scargillite, Dennis Skinner. Quiet and dapper, he spoke on miners' issues, and had none of Skinner's hyperactivity or biting humour. Unlike Skinner, he was not averse to drinking with pressmen. A miner's son, he went to the local council school and Wombwell Technical College, before going down Houghton Main colliery at 17, for 26 years. He served on Wombwell urban district council from 1963 to 1983.

Dick Pickering

International union man

MANCHESTER binmen's leader Dick Pickering was representing the Trades Union Congress in Brussels when he collapsed and died, aged 54. For the past six years he had been chair of the general workers' union the GMB, and next year would have been president of the TUC. Dick's career, coming up through local politics and the trade union movement, was exemplary. Lay officials do not often receive the kind of public recognition to which they are entitled, but Dick, with a key job in one of Britain's largest unions, was pushing the GMB forward while most of the movement has been on the retreat.

Lord Clydesmuir

Steel of the patriot

THE NAME of Lord Clydesmuir, who has died aged 79, was for many years synonymous with the Scottish Council (Development and Industry), a body which has been in the vanguard of promoting Scotland's export drive and defending its industrial base. He was also a former governor of the Bank of Scotland and senior member of the Royal Company of Archers, the ceremonial Queen's Bodyguard in Scotland. Clydesmuir was an archetypal establishment man, with a long list of directorships and honorary positions to his credit. However, his background was in heavy industry which he ardently expressed much stronger concern about the impact of a centralised control structure on the Scottish industry.

Letter

Robert Simpson writes: Your obituary of Lord Roskill (October 7) fails to mention that in 1967 he declared he had "no lurking doubts" about the correctness of the verdicts at the trial by Lord Donaldson, 12 years earlier, of the Guildford Four. In 1989, they were vindicated in an appeal which the

Weekend Birthdays

THE Israeli dissident and political prisoner, Mordechai Vanunu, 42 tomorrow, will spend a more lonely birthday than most. In a tiny cell at Ashkelon prison, south of Tel Aviv, with a hole in the floor doubling as a shower drain and toilet, he has so far lived in solitary confinement for 10 years of the 18-year sentence he received for leaking Israeli nuclear secrets to the Western press (before he was kidnapped by a Mossad honeytrap in Rome, his papers showed that Israel had produced between 100 and 200 nuclear weapons). He gets weekly visits from his brothers (all conversations through a grille) and two hours' daily exercise. Friends are not optimistic about his health — lawyers say he is "surviving" — but he may be cheered at being nominated for this year's Nobel Peace Prize and, later this month, at

Death Notices

LOREN, Tom in his 96th year, beloved husband of his late wife Joan, beloved father of Christian and Tony, beloved grandpa of Kate, Rebecca and Jack, beloved brother-in-law of Mrs. Mary's Road Secondary Modern School, Newton Heath, Manchester, died peacefully at home on October 10, 1996, aged 96. Burial at St. Mary's Church, Newton Heath, Manchester, on October 12, 1996, at 12.30pm. Enquiries to Allen's Funeral Directors, 0161 275247.

Face to Faith

New age that offers infinite variety of inner truths

Paul Heelas OF ALL the critics of the new age, Christians are the most vociferous. The Pope has stated, "It is only a new way of practising gnosticism — that attitude of the spirit that, in the name of a profound knowledge of God, results in distorting his word and replacing it with purely human words". Other critics are more extreme, seeing the new age as positively evil, the work of the devil. It is easy to see why Christian bookshops contain tract after tract savaging the new age. Christians believe their God to be infinitely greater than anything to which mere mortals can aspire. It is also easy to see why new agers reject much of Christianity. The new age teaches that we are already, in essence, spiritual beings. There is a world of difference between those Christians, valuing tradition, who heed biblical commandments and new agers, valuing

experience, who heed the voice within. The battleslines appear to be deeply entrenched. So who is winning the war? We rarely hear of new agers turning to the Christian faith. Conversely, there are many reports of Christians becoming new agers — for example, women who find Christianity irredeemably patriarchal. Does this suggest that the future of religion in the West lies with the new age winning the battle? I doubt it. The new age is not powerful enough. There has been a move within Christianity towards the kind of spirituality found in new age circles. Using the language of philosopher John Passmore, the shift is from the Augustinian to the Pelagian. Augustinians emphasise the gulf between God and the human; the most extreme renderings state that humanity is fallen and can do nothing — without God's grace — to redeem its lot. In contrast, Pelagians advance a much more optimistic view of human na-

ture as containing a spark of the divine, and thus humans have a role to play in their salvation. The Pelagian, embracing God, is clearly much closer to the new age than the Augustinian, bowing down before God on High. Christianity is moving "within" and the evidence is clear in the fastest expanding form of Christianity in Britain, the charismatics. Here one encounters themes which are familiar to new agers. One has to surrender to God, giving up all that is selfish and limited (what new agers call the "lower self"). God, in the form of the holy spirit, comes to dwell within; the holy spirit serves to transform the quality of life (thereby functioning in much the same way as the inner spirituality of new agers). Greater importance is attached to experiencing God than to heeding biblical commandments (the new age also prioritises experience). There are, of course, huge differences between charismatics (as traditional Christians)

and new agers (drawing on eastern and Pagan spiritualities), but the question remains, why should they be? The answer is in common to both: the new age can't be attributed to the new age influencing charismatics. The shared emphasis on what lies within (either the holy spirit or the inner self) has to be due to the fact that both the charismatic and new age movements have been stimulated by the same cultural trend — the move from relying on external authority or tradition, to pursuing the truth of personal experience. It is not surprising that both movements enjoyed the sixties' emphasis on the experiential. Charismatics sometimes speak as though they were new agers. It is an illustration of how religious belief has become less clearly demarcated; there has been a move away from people belonging to particular, clearly identifiable forms of religious practice, to individuals drawing on a variety of cultural provisions. Bright colours — as Levi Strauss called them — maximise choice and are intent on constructing their own ways of making their lives pleasurable and significant; they might have a traditional church service to celebrate marriage, use new age practices — together with conventional medicine — for their

health, psychotherapeutic practices to handle emotions, and popular science to address the puzzle of the origins of the universe. Champagne and yoga. This trend is intensifying as ever fewer people are content to commit themselves to any one particular form of life. There are so many more readily available opportunities to explore than there used to be. The bricoleur is a part-timer, drawing on this and that as circumstances suggest. Identity is not fixed. Life is a series of experiences and experiments, with few enduring commitments — other than to make the most of what the world has to offer. Bricoleurs undermine the established religious categorisation by drawing on whatever resources suit their circumstances. Established teachings fragment because they can no longer elicit long-term loyalty; the battleslines between the new age and Christianity are occasionally set aside as people select items however contradictory those items might appear to be — as components of the DIY cultures of themselves. Paul Heelas is reader in religion and modernity at Lancaster University and author of The New Age Movement, published by Blackwell.

Weekend Birthdays

THE Israeli dissident and political prisoner, Mordechai Vanunu, 42 tomorrow, will spend a more lonely birthday than most. In a tiny cell at Ashkelon prison, south of Tel Aviv, with a hole in the floor doubling as a shower drain and toilet, he has so far lived in solitary confinement for 10 years of the 18-year sentence he received for leaking Israeli nuclear secrets to the Western press (before he was kidnapped by a Mossad honeytrap in Rome, his papers showed that Israel had produced between 100 and 200 nuclear weapons). He gets weekly visits from his brothers (all conversations through a grille) and two hours' daily exercise. Friends are not optimistic about his health — lawyers say he is "surviving" — but he may be cheered at being nominated for this year's Nobel Peace Prize and, later this month, at

Weekend Birthdays

being the subject of a conference on the subject of ex-convicts organised by Pugwash veteran Joseph Rothblat. At least, we would expect Vanunu to be cheered, if he is ever allowed to hear about the moves. Today's birthdays: Gill Bridge, managing director, Blackpool Football Club, 39; Lady (Helen) Brook, founder, Brook Advisory Centre for Young People, 85; Ruth Evans, director, National Consumer Council, 39; Kenneth Griffith, actor, writer and documentary film-maker, 76; Magnus Magnusson, quizmaster and writer, 67; Michael Mansfield QC, campaigning barrister, 58; Dr John Moffatt, constitutional historian, 74; Rick Parfitt, guitar player and singer, 48; Luciano Pavarotti, operatic tenor, 61; Angela Rippon, television presenter, 52. Tomorrow's other birthdays: Sir Thomas Bingham, Lord Chief Justice, 63; Edwina Currie, Conservative MP, 50; Prof Phyllis Deane, economic historian, 78; Sir Denis Forman, former director, Granada TV, British Film Institute, Royal Opera House, 79; Sir Roger Gibbs, chairman, Wellcome Trust, 62; Michael Heath, cartoonist, 61; Nana Mouskouri, Greek singer, 62; Iona Ogilvie, writer and folklorist, 78; Marie

Weekend Birthdays

Osmond, singer, 57; John Regan, athlete, 32; Paul Stron, singer and songwriter, 55; Rosemary Anne Sisson, author and scriptwriter, 73; Baroness Thatcher, OM, former prime minister, 74; Hugo Young, biographer, political writer, 58. Death Notices LOREN, Tom in his 96th year, beloved husband of his late wife Joan, beloved father of Christian and Tony, beloved grandpa of Kate, Rebecca and Jack, beloved brother-in-law of Mrs. Mary's Road Secondary Modern School, Newton Heath, Manchester, died peacefully at home on October 10, 1996, aged 96. Burial at St. Mary's Church, Newton Heath, Manchester, on October 12, 1996, at 12.30pm. Enquiries to Allen's Funeral Directors, 0161 275247. KAY, Paula, suddenly on the 10th October 1996, aged 32 years. He leaves his partner of 10 years and three children: George and Maria, and much loved brother of Patrick, Peter, Rita and Robin. A favourite uncle. Sadly missed by his many friends who will continue to celebrate his life. Flowers welcome, donations to the British Heart Foundation. For details contact: Helen Elliott Project, 0171 725 1825. In Memoriam STOKES, Stephen/Baron (12.09.60 - 10.10.96). Family and friends request your condolence. Your love and support will live forever in our hearts. Mrs. WILKINSON, David Ph.D. Died 12th October 1971, aged 27 years. Best dearly loved husband of Aileen, and son of Reg and Phyllis. If you place your announcement telephone 0171 725 6222. Fax 0171 715 4126.

Whisky wars put amity on the rocks

PRESIDENT Clinton's arrival in Scotland next week has been greeted with the usual enthusiasm, but it is unlikely to offer a glass of Scotch unless as a hindrance. Indeed, as preparations were made for the arrival of one of America's most distinguished statesmen, diplomats were talking to the end of the whisky between London and Glasgow and a mixture of about what might be a rumble-up. Anglo-Chinese relations are successfully being maintained and the whisky is being talked about in the most interesting way. Mr. P. For a few months ago a whisky was introduced which was said to be 70 per cent pure Scotch. The whisky is said to be 70 per cent pure Scotch. The whisky is said to be 70 per cent pure Scotch. The whisky is said to be 70 per cent pure Scotch.

Insurgers

Nordic states join forces to combat drug gang warfare

Steve Branson

N





# Germans teach us the symbol truth

**Commentary**  
**Martin Woollacott**

**A**DMIRAL Lord Berrford, presiding over a dinner at the Savoy during the first world war, noticed towards the end of the meal that his plate was of German manufacture. "We have actually been dining off German plates," he announced. According to the report in the *Daily News*, "A succession of crashes followed, a number of guests hurling their plates to the floor."

penils to the shop after discovering on them the dread words "Made in Germany". Some experts on Anglo-German relations meeting recently in Berlin came to the conclusion, a little fancifully, that relations are almost as bad now as they were in those days. It would certainly have to be agreed that they are not brilliant.

In the month when Helmut Kohl celebrates both the unification of Germany and the fact that he has become the longest-serving post-war chancellor, this is not entirely surprising. The British are in a state of dismay over Europe which, far from offering them the "options" which Malcolm Rifkind talked about at this week's Conservative Party conference, often seems to lay before us, instead, only a choice between different degrees of doing badly.

have, but about the old rivalry between national economies and about how the first affects the latter, and vice versa. It is, in other words, still partly about plates and propelling pencils. It is certainly arguable that Britain's fears about the future of her economy are an underlying cause of our ambivalence about monetary union. We pin to the institutional and technical change all our worries about competition and not holding our own.

looks to the central government to get it off the hook with Brussels, which, after some concessions, it appears to have done.

cal revision of the German welfare state.

## Rump stakes are off



Martin Kettle

**T**HERE is a common belief on the left that the Conservatives will split if they lose the next general election. Much of Labour's determination that it can govern for two or three terms is based upon this assumption. And there are even those in the Tory Party itself who are prepared to believe in it too.

and as personal (tariff reform is the classic example) as those which infest it today. The reasons why we should assume that the Tories will not split are both tactical and philosophical. Those who expect a split believe that the party is simply waiting to go into opposition before embarking on the civil war which will cleave the party over Europe. Yet this underestimates the power of specific events to concentrate politicians' minds and make them act pragmatically rather than ideologically.



PHOTOMONTAGE: ELIZABETH COLLDWELL

# Ghouls' paradise

The Wests' house was razed this week to thwart souvenir grabbers. **Duncan Campbell** sees a double standard in our voyeuristic attitude to crime

**D**URING the trial of Rosemary West at Winchester almost exactly a year ago, the jury indicated that they would like to visit number 25 Cromwell Street, where many of the bodies had been buried and where many of the murders may have taken place. The judge agreed that the media were entitled to attend, too, but, because there were 80 or so people present on every day, it would clearly be impossible for all to visit. We put our names in a metaphorical hat and a representative of the Lord Chancellor's Department carried out the draw in the sweaty and over-crowded press room that was our home for eight weeks. The Guardian "won" the ballot for the national press.

wrote our pooled accounts and rejoined our colleagues. This week, the workmen moved in to demolish the house. Each brick will be ground to dust, all trace of the place wiped out. Within weeks of the Wests being arrested and the house boarded up, local criminals were offering journalists night-time tours of the house for £500. There will be no more such tours.

ken — and sometimes spoken — thought: who are these ghouls who gawp at the house, who seek souvenirs from the rubble? Why are we so fascinated by the evil deeds of others? Does it say something dark about us?

where thousands were slaughtered. The places where tortures and executions took place in London are now on sight-seeing tours. Are there some horrors which should be recalled as a tribute to the victims and a warning to resist their attackers, while other atrocities should be landscaped from our memory? Can some people learn from being in the presence of an evil site, while others are being merely voyeuristic? Is one person's interest in crime an intellectual concern, while another's is members' tastelessness? Is a crime reporter, a detective, a lawyer merely doing their job when they explore the dark side of life, while a member of the public seeking the same access is a sick ghoul?

There is a notion that it is acceptable to read about crime in a book but not to watch it in a film

Our unease at the ghouls of Gloucester is an unease at ourselves. They are expressing a gauche and insensitive curiosity, but many people feel a curiosity about the perpetrators of crime. I would not do the job I do if I did not feel that curiosity, is my curiosity — and that of crime authors, criminologists, criminal lawyers, detectives, and all who read about crime — more noble?

Landmark for ancient mariners. Spectacle for modern travellers. The towering sun temple at Komark in Orissa once gladdened the hearts of mariners hauling up the North East coast of India. Now it provides gasps of admiration as one of India's most vivid architectural treasures — a stupendous 24-wheeled chariot belonging to the sun god, Surya.

US of A

IN THIS WEEK'S ESSAYIST, Duncan Campbell, is the Guardian's crime correspondent. He is author of *The Underworld*, a revised and updated edition of which is published by Penguin this month.

**Landing slots**

Percentage of landings/take off slots by national airline

Frankfurt	Lufthansa	60%
Copenhagen	SAS	56%
Brussels	Sabena	56%
Vienna	Austrian Airlines	43%
Amsterdam	KLM	39%
Zurich	Swissair	37%
Heathrow	BA	36%

**Operations**

Number of operations by national airline

		11,137	18,499
		6,761	11,086
		5,918	10,611
		3,299	7,602
		5,443	13,815
		3,796	10,254
		6,309	18,779

# BA prepares to fight the grandfather of all air battles

Small airlines accuse large rivals of hogging runways, but truth is more complicated, **KEITH HARPER** finds

**C**OMPPELLING evidence from the main European airports reveals that British Airways is being unfairly accused of holding a dominant position at Heathrow by deliberately squeezing out its competitors, who would like a toehold at the world's busiest airport.

If you are the national carrier, you tend to get preferential treatment in your own country. Figures from the latest twice-yearly cattle market in slots, the huge fixing cartel hosted by the International Air Transport Association, show that BA holds 36 per cent of the Heathrow slots (at time during the day when an aircraft is allowed to take off or land), which compares favourably with many other European capitals' airlines.

Its nearest rivals are Swissair at Zurich with 37 per cent, and KLM at Amsterdam with 39 per cent. The gap widens at Vienna, where Austrian Airlines own 43 per cent, Sabena has 56 per cent at Brussels, and Lufthansa has 60 per cent at Frankfurt.

The busier the airport, the more intense the jockeying for space. Carriers fight for peak time slots, particularly to satisfy the demands of business interests on shorter haul flights.

Mr Kinnock is likely to conclude that an auction would favour the larger airlines at the expense of the independent carriers, but that will not prevent him from examining whether smaller airlines would need to be protected if buying and selling slots was legalised.

Indeed, Bob Ayling, BA's chief executive, has suggested that buying slots is a good idea, particularly at Heathrow, where the Americans are clamouring for access.

When American Airlines, BA's proposed new partner, took over TWA's Heathrow routes in 1981, it paid more than £300 million.

**A**IRLINE executives concede that slots frequently change hands for a considerable amount of money. A London aviation lawyer has been quoted as saying that one pair of peak-hour Heathrow slots sold for £600 million.

"Everyone in the industry agrees that it happens, but the process and the sums are shrouded in secrecy. You don't advertise slots up for sale in Exchange and Mart," declared an insider.

Mr Kinnock will be closely monitoring the outcome of the British Government's review of Heathrow access. Right now, Ian Lang, the trade and industry secretary, is studying a report from the Office of Fair Trading, which attempts to quell the storm that has erupted in the airline industry over the proposed BA alliance with American Airlines. To assuage the anger of other competitors, mainly American, who feel threatened, and rivals like Richard Branson, whose Virgin Atlantic controls 16 per cent of Heathrow's slots, the OFT is expected to tell Mr Lang that a fairer division of slots will have to take place. If it does not, then the deal could collapse.

The French, like the British, have been fiercely keeping other carriers at arm's length at Charles de Gaulle and Orly airports.

But the collapse of the troubled French airline, Air Liberté, has given BA a sudden opportunity. It is in talks to buy the airline which would double the size of its French operation and give it more slots at Orly.

If open skies are to be the order of the day in Europe and America, the politicians still have to recognise the inevitability of hard commercial expediency.

Allitalia, the struggling Italian state airline, has been accused of using its dominant position to damage rivals. The allegations came to light during an inquiry by the Italian competition authorities, which started in February. The sentence is expected by November 11 and could result in a 300 million lire (£43 million) fine. Allitalia, which has lost significant market share since competition was introduced, has denied the accusations.

# Workaholic new premier seeks to kill off Zorba

Helena Smith in Athens

**A**T the stroke of midnight tonight, Greece, the European Union's poorest member, will enter a new era. That era will be one that will make Zorba the Greek and the happy-go-lucky work ethic of his fun-loving compatriots a distant memory.

Mediterranean work ethics will be replaced by austere, Protestant ones as Athens attempts to clamber on the highway that will lead it inexorably to full participation in European economic and monetary union.

Or so says Prime Minister Costas Simitis, the socialist leader whose re-election for a first, full, four-year term promises some of the biggest economic and social changes the country has ever seen.

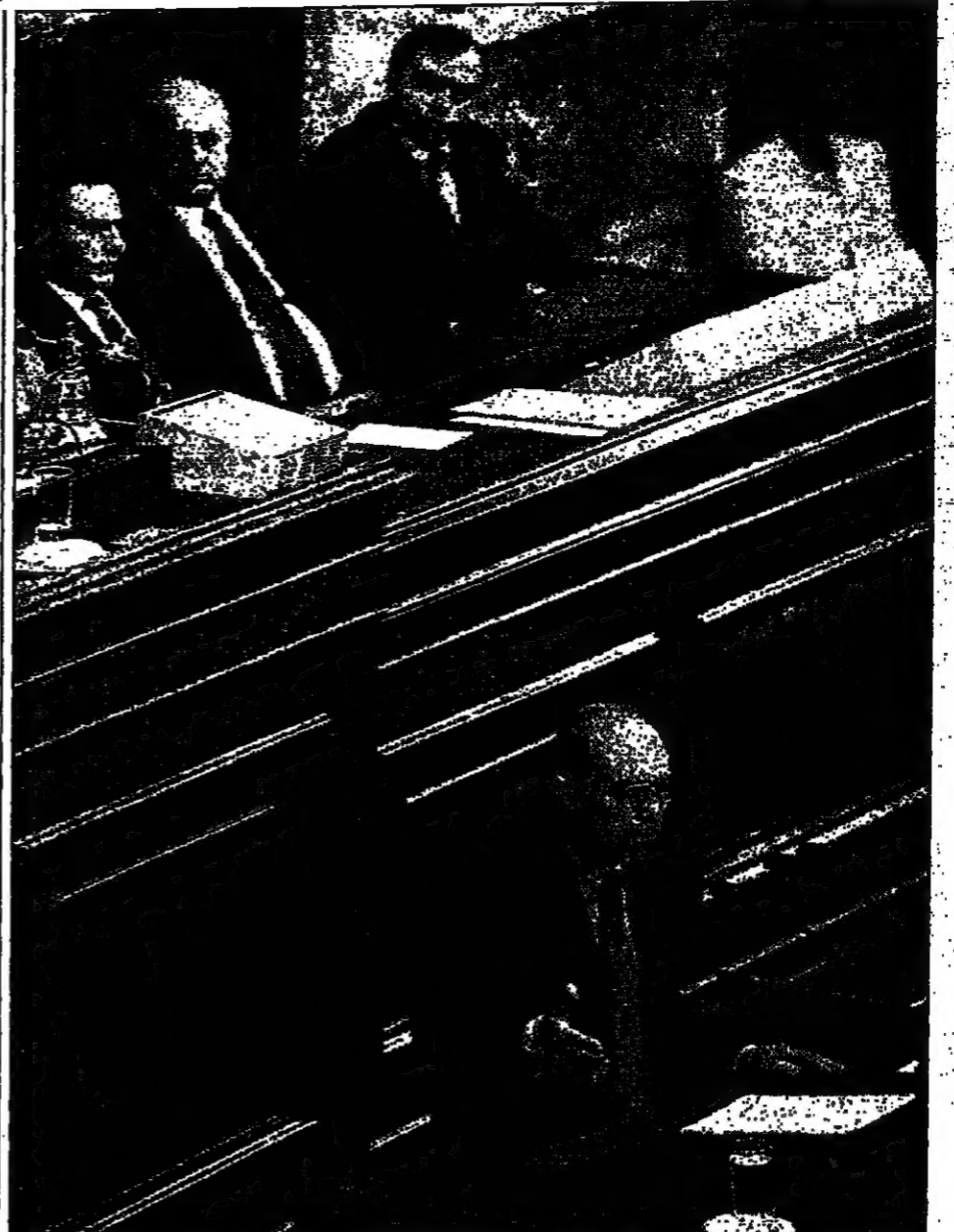
At midnight, the German-trained university professor, who replaced the late Andreas Papandreu before cruising to victory in early elections last month, will receive the vote of confidence his government constitutionally requires.

If the 60-year-old Mr Simitis has his way, the vote will usher in a "new Greece" with changes that have not been seen since the restoration of democracy in 1974.

"In the next four years we must lay the foundations of a strong and contemporary Greece and a Greece of growth and prosperity," he said, presenting his government's programme to parliament on Thursday at the start of a three-day debate.

"Winning its equal place in the European Union is the single biggest challenge Greece has faced in the post-war period."

Like its southern European partners, Greece lives in fear of being marginalised by failing to meet the convergence criteria laid out in the Maastricht treaty.



Party's over... Simitis explains economic reality to his MPs

After years of free-spending drachmas (£36 billion) with improved tax collection, cuts in state spending and a merciless clampdown on tax relief.

"Fiscal reform is the basic prerequisite for our participation in Europe... if Labour wins the election in Britain, the drive for monetary union will undoubtedly intensify," the prime minister told parliament.

"Next year will be absolutely crucial in determining whether we will meet the criteria of convergence."

The policies Mr Simitis plans to enforce in his bid to make Greece less of an impoverished Balkan country and more of a mainstream European one have been described as nothing short of revolutionary.

Streamlining Greece's

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Streamlining Greece's

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# Prosecutors take gloves off in 'clean hands' fight

**JOHN GLOVER** reports on the rebirth of Italy's anti-sleaze campaign as big corporations come under spotlight

**I**TALY'S anti-corruption campaign is not as dead as racketeers might have hoped. The glory days of the "Mani Pulite" (Clean Hands) investigation that ripped through corporate and political Italy in 1992-93, leaving in its wake crowds of senior managers and politicians languishing in jail, seemed to have ended in 1994.

But this week arrest warrants went out for five former managers of Gemina, a Milan-based holding company whose main shareholder is Fiat, in whose books huge, unexplained holes appeared last year.

Ongoing investigations into Olivetti and the state railway, Ferrovie dello Stato, two of the country's largest enterprises, have brought evidence of dirty hands on the executive tiller.

The biggest, widest-reaching investigation is that into the murky goings-on at the FS railways. It began last month with the arrest of Lorenzo Necci, the company's managing director and one of Italy's best-known managers, on corruption charges.

Mr Necci was swiftly followed into jail by Francesco Pacini Battaglia, a Swiss-based banker who had featured in an earlier corruption case involving the state energy concern, ENI, but had escaped arrest; and by other Necci cronies.

**A**S MANAGING director of the FS, Mr Necci would have controlled the 90 trillion lire (£40 billion) the government plans to spend on building a high-speed railway network.

Transcripts of tapped telephone conversations between the banker and his contacts have since appeared.

What was said gives the strong impression that Pacini Battaglia and his clique were, to some extent, able to control who got which senior state job.

The whole affair has since broadened and political reputations are under threat, including that of Antonio Di Pietro, the man who led the Mani Pulite investigation and is now minister of public works.

While the state sector has offered the spectacle of obscure intrigues involving huge sums of public money, the private sector has fared little better.

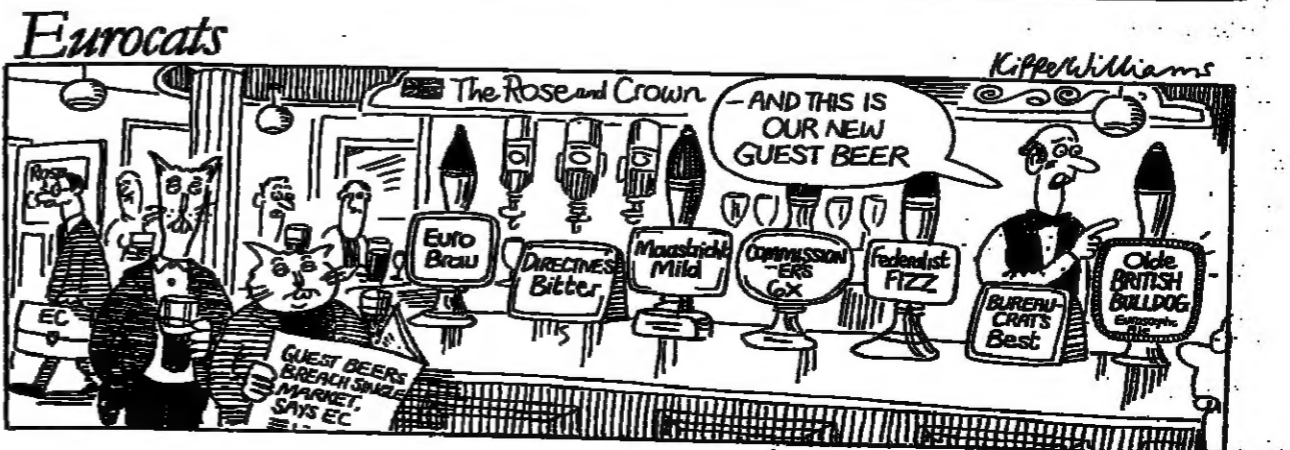
Olivetti's books, and the managers who signed them, are under investigation by magistrates and regulators. Regulators are also looking into whether foreign institutions broke reporting rules on their trades in the company's shares.

Meanwhile, magistrates think that Gemina and some of its operating companies were used as "instruments to give preferential finance to Gemina clients (and) to hide sizeable resources for the illicit enrichment of disloyal managers."

The investigation threatens to bring in senior corporate personalities, including that of Cesare Romiti, president of Fiat.

## Update

- Giorgio Foss, president of the Italian business association, Confindustria, said that if the lira re-entered the European exchange rate mechanism at its present level it would "bring Italy to its knees". He said the lira's just value would be 1,000 or 1,100 to the German mark. Yesterday it was trading at 996.50 to the mark.
- This year's French GDP is likely to grow by 1.2 per cent, according to Insee, the statistics office, which has identified a 0.4 per cent decline in the second quarter. French inflation is running at 1.6 per cent, compared with 1.8 per cent in west Germany. — Bloomberg.
- The Spanish unemployment rate rose to 13.82 per cent in September from 13.60 per cent in August as the end of the tourist season led to an increase in joblessness, the labour ministry said. — Bloomberg.
- Hoechst has expanded its presence in Russia by forming two new companies, for industrial chemicals and pharmaceuticals. Hoechst expects sales worth £220 million in the CIS this year, of which £166 million will be achieved in Russia. European Business is edited by Mark Hillier.



Eight bosses £14m and pe

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Is the Pope Catholic? Not when he played foot

Exclusive with the best mate Polish Jew

The Obser

1520



Financial Editor: Alex Brummer  
Telephone: 0171-239-9610  
Fax: 0171-833-4456

# Finance Guardian

## The child picking jasmine for French perfume houses barely makes a living wage. ROGER COWE asks if we are really prepared to swallow the fair trade premium



### Keeping the coyotes at bay

**ARTURO JIMENEZ** helps to run *Unión de Ejidos de la Selva*, a coffee co-operative in Comitán in the Chiapas region of Mexico, which was one of Cafédirect's original suppliers five years ago. It serves about 1,500 growers in 42 scattered communities.

"When a community gets a new warehouse built with 50 or 60 per cent of the resources coming from the Union, then I know it has worked", he said. "It is important that we can deliver something for the growers, so that they stop borrowing money at such high interest rates."

His general manager, Jose Juarez, said the crucial factor was escaping the hated middlemen. "These coyotes would arrive and offer a price. The producers would begin to deposit their coffee. But they would only get a small prepayment for it. Then the fraud would begin and the producers would be left with nothing."

Cafédirect makes a prepayment worth 50 per cent of the consignment value to help cash flow and keep growers away from money lenders. It also guarantees a minimum price and a continuing relationship, which is crucial to offset the volatility of the coffee price on world markets. And the growers get a "social premium" when the world price is higher than the guarantee.

Marketing director Humphrey Pring calculates that over five years *Unión de la Selva* has received \$90,000 (\$52,000) in premiums. That might not sound much — but in the Chiapas, where a teacher's salary is \$200 a month, he estimates it is worth \$1 million.

That cash has been used for roads, sewing workshops and bread shops, patios for drying coffee, water tanks — and a satellite dish to access coffee price data. "It gives the growers the knowledge when to sell and when not to sell," said Mr Pring.

been renamed Community Trade, to reflect the emphasis of sourcing products from cocoa butter to baskets and pottery in small communities. Ms MacDonald has established procedures for identifying appropriate groups to buy from.

Sourcing is one thing. Selling is another. And there is the nightmare of balancing tight stock control with the needs of the producers for stable, long-term demand.

"A lot of people don't understand how difficult it is," Ms MacDonald said. "It takes a lot of commitment from a lot of people."

But do shoppers care enough? The evidence of the green boom in the late 1990s suggests that in Britain people will not pay more, even for values they espouse.

Richard Adams, who has been behind most fair-trade initiatives for two decades, now runs Out Of This World,

an ethical consumer co-operative. He believes many campaigners underestimate how difficult it is for manufacturers and retailers to meet their demands, and wonders whether there is enough altruism in the tough 1990s. "A generation has grown up being told that the world is very competitive."

**T**HERE is clearly a fair trade niche, however, and the idea is entering the mainstream. This week the British Retail Consortium agreed to sponsor a meeting with manufacturers, retailers and the Department of Trade and Industry to attack exploitation.

Chris Williams, spokesman for C&A, which last year set up its own auditing operation, said: "There's a time for everything. Now a lot of people are saying: 'let's try to push fair trade forward.'"

# The costly scents of exploitation

**C**HILDREN paid a pittance to pick jasmine for French perfume houses before dawn in the mud dunes in the mud of the Nile delta have a new ally — the British shopper.

Consumers are now in the vanguard of the battle against trade-induced injustices as the emphasis shifts from campaigns in high places to the high street.

The latest move to enlist shoppers in this fight is the launch on Tuesday of the Oxfam Fair Trade Company.

The company will transform Oxfam's approach to selling crafts and food and hopes to reduce losses the charity has built up.

With a more professional management approach, improved presentation and tighter product ranges, the appeal is to the consumer, not the charitable instinct. Donated clothing will be played down, and in some cases kicked out.

Development agencies have not abandoned the idea of a new world order in which poor countries' debts are

Separately, charities are trying to apply consumer pressure to harness the power of retailers against appalling third world conditions. Oxfam has a clothing campaign aimed at Marks & Spencer, Burton, C&A, Next and Sears. The World Development Movement is targeting toy buyers, with the focus next month on footballs and Olympic sports goods.

These campaigns have been sparked in part by events, such as the 186 fire deaths at a Thai toy factory in 1993, but mainly by the endemic exploitation in countries where cheap clothes, toys and footwear are now produced.

Workers who make a pair of 290 trainers typically share £1 in wages. As little as 4p goes to workers out of £12.50 paid by a UK consumer for an imported shirt.

Alison Ives of Oxfam said pay is seldom the key issue. Security of employment, health and safety, working hours and intimidation are more important. "There should be no forced overtime, and if there are long hours there must be breaks."

Campaigners want to stamp out 60-hour weeks, fines for failing to meet production targets and poor protection from lethal chemicals.

In the US, where brands such as Reebok and Levi's have acted to slave off consumer pressure, the emphasis has been on child labour.

**I**n many cases the children working in the carpet factories and clothing sweatshops of India and Bangladesh, or the training shoe workshops of South-east Asia are there illegally.

This not only makes them very vulnerable but also emphasises that action is needed on the ground, as President Fernando Cardoso of Brazil said yesterday. Brazil has three million child-workers, and Mr Cardoso proposed amending the law to ban

under-14s from working. Legislation alone would not be enough, he warned, calling for "a change in our mentalities".

Modern western sensibilities suggest that manufacturers who employ children should be shunned. But development workers urge caution.

Oxfam cites the upheaval in the Bangladesh clothing industry when US senator Tom Harkin put forward a bill to ban the import of products made with child labour.

So engagement rather than boycott is preferred, although campaigns such as the Burma Action Group urge boycotts of retailers using suppliers to put pressure on the military regime.

The aim is to get British companies using developing world suppliers to adopt codes of conduct that will ensure better conditions. The Fairtrade Foundation Charter lays down 10 principles such codes should embrace and which should see suppliers working towards International Labour Organisation standards as a minimum.

Adopting a code is not enough. The toy industry has a code of practice but, as Jessica Woodroffe of the World Development Movement says: "The whole procedure assumes that the code is not going to work. Companies need to monitor factories, which they do already for product quality and safety. And there must be some form of independent audit."

It is not easy, as Body Shop's Jacqui MacDonald admitted, even in a company with an explicit commitment to different trading patterns.

The former Oxfam worker was recruited two years ago to sort out the the company's Trade Not Aid campaign, which had failed to make substantial purchases. It has now

### Quick Crossword No. 8255

**OCCASIONAL**  
C L R Y U R  
O M I N O U S T H R O W  
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Solution No. 8254

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22	23	24	25	26	27	28

- Across**
- 1 Hasten (6)
  - 5 Light — trades exhibition — just — fine (4)
  - 9 Hanging tapestry (5)
  - 10 Preparing food — or concocting books? (7)
  - 11 Egghead (12)
  - 13 Spongy (6)
  - 14 Nobleman — horseman — chess piece (6)
  - 17 Surly, irascible (12)
  - 20 Sailor (7)

- Down**
- 1 Dash, vivacity (4)
  - 2 Associate — spouse (7)
  - 3 Unsavoury — base (12)
  - 4 Equipment to lift — or bring down (6)
  - 6 Goodbye (5)
  - 7 Control (8)

- 8 Focused (12)
- 12 Sample (8)
- 15 Big ester (7)
- 16 Preliminary drawing (6)
- 18 Regarded — as famous? (5)
- 19 Low-key — apartment (4)

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Saturday October 12 1996

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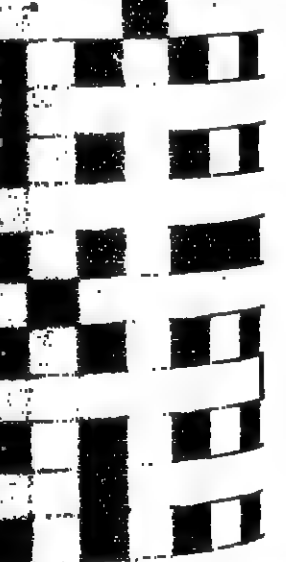
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Saturday October 12 1996

The Guardian

# the week



## Prophet of Armageddon

Sir James Goldsmith is the man Jeffrey Archer believes will condemn the Tories to a period of exile on the opposition benches. Granted a rare audience, **Hugo Young** sounds out the renegade billionaire

**I**N THE shadows of the Conservative Party Conference, jostling with its countless self-made demons, was an unwelcome spectre from the near beyond. Last time the Tories were in Bournemouth, Sir James Goldsmith was a corporeal presence, at a fringe rally under the aegis of Lord Tebbit. This year, relationships are different. "I've had tens upon tens of Tory MPs coming here", he told me the other day in his Belgravia drawing-room, "pleading with me not to run against them". In social conversation, he lets his listeners know what he thinks about the politicians of the day with a usage that perhaps owes more to the discourse of his other country, France: "I vomit on the Government."

Whether Goldsmith will get anywhere with his party, the Referendum Party, depends on your definition of where anywhere is at. The Tories know he could damage them, and some Labour MPs too have paraded through his

office offering chapter and verse to prove they've backed a referendum on Europe, the only credential that might excuse them the tycoon's invasion of their turf. In some places, 500 votes for the RP could be enough to throw the seat. But seats and votes aren't what the leader is about. He is not, after all, a politician. He's into "political activity", not a political career, he finely insists. Suppose, I said, you knew now you would get only 1 per cent of the vote? "It wouldn't change my action one iota," he replied. "If the only person to vote with me was my son, it wouldn't change for me in any way what I'm doing. It's just a necessity." One must, to some extent, separate the party from its leader. The party has a simple object: to create enough pressure to bring about a wide-ranging referendum of British opinion on what it sees as the already existent fact of a "federal" Europe. The Tory pledge on a single-currency referendum, Goldsmith said, is "a complete and

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I say unto you... Sir James rages against evils of Myxomatosis

PHOTOGRAPH: COLIN MCPECK/SOVIETAMA


total deception, as usual". It will be too late, and won't address the real issue. For Dr Mawhinney or Mr Major to have imagined that this loose, unbridled cannon was someone they could ever negotiate with misunderstood how glaring is his connection with the politics of the real world. The party, he insists, contains federalists as well as Little Englanders, all united in their passion for the people's verdict, though the federalists are fig-leaves. The great majority agree with his own foaming hostility to the European Union. As well as some of Jimmy's cranky friends, the candidates are a rag-bag of no-party, anti-party and one-time-party zealots, of varying distinction, who nonetheless have 200m behind them, more than the Liberals have seen at the last four elections combined. Whether they can be blended into anything resembling

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the week that was

Them on them

The global view

Television is pitiless, but he doesn't try to defend himself from its assault. He puts himself on show in all his weakness.

The dramatic events at Vatnajökull remind us of the immense forces of nature that rule our Icelandic lives. The

Us on us

The British view

Seventeen candles cast a glow in Dunblane Cathedral on Wednesday - a symbol of a brighter future devastated by the events of March 18.

Postal workers have put pen to paper to complain about animal lovers who allow their pets to urinate on mail boxes.

lessons we can draw from them are that our homeland deserves our continued respect and caution; and that such events can only strengthen our sense of togetherness.

Members of the opposition Party of the Democratic Revolution in the state of Guerrero seized 45 cows they alleged were to be used to bribe voters in Sunday's state elections.

THE WEEK



THE WEEK'S DIRTY TRICKS

There aren't too many professions in which you can demand and get cash up front for goods and services about to be rendered, but should you answer to the calling of a con-man, it seems you can expect to be paid instantly regardless of the quality of your product.

Hewitt rumping in their underwear, but in fact made by an aspiring film director, as a demo sketch idea for Rory Bremner.

Lieutenant-Colonel that he enrolled mates as 'regimental comrades' at his full military honours wedding.

Con man/woman Dustin Hoffman's Tootsie award must go to the Scottish football squad for its magnificent victory over Scotland.

It's a bore crossing the floor

This week last year

October 8, 1995

THE Labour leadership couldn't believe its luck. On the eve of last year's Conservative party conference, Alan Howarth, Conservative MP for Stratford-upon-Avon - defected to Labour.



Alan Howarth... was it worth the bad time?

It turned out to be nothing more interesting than a parliamentary delegation. For a while it looked as if Howarth had pulled it off. When Parliament reconvened, he was seen in a carefully staged photo-opportunity shaking hands with Tony Blair outside the Commons.

seat, armed with a five page CV and Blair-approved letter of application. Officially he has only put himself forward for Manchester Wythenshawe and Sale, where he failed to make it on to the six-strong shortlist.

THE WEEK'S PRIVACY

Do we need tighter rules on press intrusion?

NO "Privacy legislation is likely to be legally incredibly cumbersome and freedom of expression.

YES "Every citizen has a right to personal privacy and freedom of expression.

cised by journalists on behalf of the public, not a licence to make money out of misfortune.

Prophet of Armageddon

page 13

bling a political organisation will be the question on view at their conference, aping the big boys, at Brighton next Saturday.



Sir James... an incorrigible romantic with authority

spectacularly successful business career. Goldsmith had the sense of Armageddon approaching. "I had to decide whether it was more uncomfortable to oppose what I thought was a disastrous train-crash.

And this is not far off. The RP he claims, has got the referendum debate going. Didn't the Tories help, I asked.

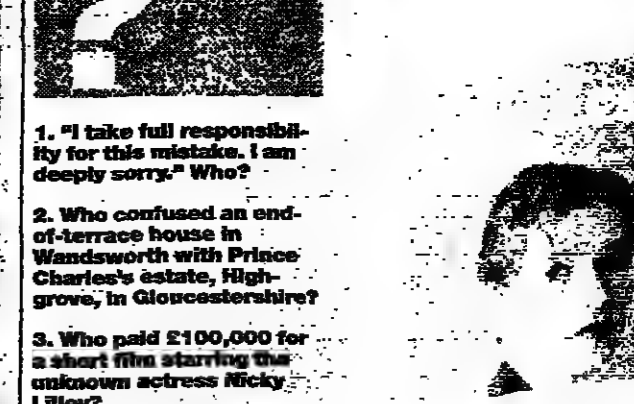
his way now. "When the elite imposes its will on the people, that leads either to a revolutionary situation or a suspension of democracy, and we're seeing both."

UT debate is not enough. The leader is now in full torrent.

Whereas multi-nationals, among whom he once counted the vast business he gave up in 1987, "belonged to the corporate culture of the countries where they invested".

the week that was

Most of his tel...



1. "I take full responsibility for this mistake. I am deeply sorry." Who? (a) Stuart Higgins (b) James Hewitt (c) Sarah Ferguson

2. Who confessed an end-of-terrace house in Wandsworth with Prince Charles's estate, Highgrove, in Gloucestershire? (a) Stuart Higgins (b) James Hewitt (c) Sarah Ferguson

3. Who paid £100,000 for a short film starring the unknown actress Nicky Lilley? (a) Stuart Higgins (b) James Hewitt (c) Sarah Ferguson

4. "Why on earth would I ever contemplate suicide?" Who? (a) Stuart Higgins (b) James Hewitt (c) Sarah Ferguson

5. "We're a laughing stock." Who? (a) The Sun newspaper (b) The Royal Family (c) The Conservative Party

6. "You have done more to bring shame on the family than could ever have been imagined." Princess Margaret's letter to whom? (a) Stuart Higgins (b) James Hewitt (c) Sarah Ferguson

7. Who crashed their brand new BMW within hours of taking delivery? (a) James Hewitt (b) Patsy Kensit (c) Damon Hill

8. Which of these embarrassed the Tories in Bournemouth? (a) Nicholas Soott (b) Sarah Keays (c) John Redwood

9. Health food, according to whom? (a) Sharon Stone (b) Eric Cantona (c) Samuel Beckett (d) John Fuller

10. Who invited all three of his wives to a party? (a) The Pope (b) Former Bishop Frederick Wright (c) Stuart Higgins

11. Given out for 108. What? (a) The Pope (b) Former Bishop Frederick Wright (c) Stuart Higgins

12. Scotland 3, Estonia 0. Can you name one of the scorers? (a) Samuel Beckett (d) John Fuller

13. "One dead of night/in the dead still/I looked up/from his book/from that dark/to pore on other dark." Which famous author penned these lines? (a) Sharon Stone (b) Eric Cantona (c) Samuel Beckett (d) John Fuller

14. Who asked the world to pray for him? (a) The Pope (b) Former Bishop Frederick Wright (c) Stuart Higgins

15. Which national newspaper editor was sacked? Answers are on the back page

Handwritten Arabic text.

Handwritten text: "patriots thank you very much"

Most of his television rivals burned out years ago, so how does Clive James's star keep shining?

# Regrets? I've had a few

## THE JOANNA COLES INTERVIEW



**C**LIVE JAMES stares at me fishily as I arrive at his warehouse-style production office in West London, where the trendy receptionist is momentarily unable to speak due to an over-ambitious bite of bacon sandwich.

"I don't usually do interviews," he remarks darkly, hurrying into his office and steering me away from the unmade camp-bed which lines one wall. "Lunchtime naps, not a casting couch," he says, nodding at the bed. "Look, I've been stitched up so often in profiles that it's more than my life's worth but, well... let's say I'm prepared to take a risk." And he swings into his own chair, wheels it up to his desk and smiles bleakly.

This appeal-cum-coded-warning is standard procedure from television celebrities and I have been warned by his publicist that James has only agreed to this interview on the condition that we speak solely about his new novel, *The Silver Castle*. Which is a bit rich from a man who's made a living from making fun out of interviewing others, but we're in TV-land now so there we go.

And for the record, I am also "taking a risk", hoping that I will be able to prise James away from the book to talk more roundly about himself.

*The Silver Castle*, in fact, has had surprisingly good reviews for a Clive James novel, which I say not to be snide but because his previous three novels have been generally pooch-pooched by the sniffy and ostensibly more serious critics.

A relief then, to discover it is a good novel. Compelling and moving in equal measure, it shuffles between the slums of Bombay and the Indian film industry, following the life of a street child called Sanjay. Again, a surprise, it is free from the familiar ironic tones which lace James's copious memoirs and dominates his various television programmes.

So let's kick off, at least, with a question about the book: what made him decide to write about an Indian slum child?

"One face inspired the book, one little kid I saw in Bombay," he says quietly, "and I thought: what's going to happen to him? Then I thought: what would have happened to me in that situation? Up to the bullet detector begins to flash: he's sounding like Miss World. But then again... James says it in such a dry, flat way that he seems genuinely concerned about the ghetto kids he whizzes past on location. And he has just written an entire book about it. So we chat a bit about the Third World and how he fears that Marxist regimes starve people and that food aid may weaken a country's capacity to feed itself, which is all very interesting, but not quite what either of us had planned.

Perhaps a small wave of panic streaks across my face because he suddenly laughs and declares that he is "boring you, because I am boring me!" So I lob in a question which is raised throughout *The Silver Castle*: does he believe in God?

He looks aghast. "Of course there isn't an intervening supernatural force, otherwise he would have intervened, wouldn't he? The only excuse for God is that he doesn't exist." Where does he draw his own moral guidelines from?

"From life and experience. I think I'm reasonably honest." But what are the specific experiences which have shaped him? "My life was shaped very early by a graphic demonstration that chance plays a great part in humans' capricious fate."

He is, I assume, talking about his father, an Australian serviceman, taken prisoner during the fall of Singapore in 1942 and freed three years later, only to die in an air crash on the way home. James



Man of many faces... These questions, um, I haven't got my usual array of protective metaphors and glib epigrams ready to meet them'

PHOTOGRAPH: EAMONN MCCABE

What did that leave you with, I ask bluntly? "By God," he mumbles, pausing before assembling an answer. "These questions, um, I haven't got my usual array of protective metaphors and glib epigrams ready to meet them. You're asking questions I'm writing whole books to answer and sometimes I haven't written the book yet."

I plough on regardless, conscious that we may have to return to publicising the book. Can he remember the impact of his father's death on him? "I can remember the effect on my mother, um... to me, um, normality in the 20th century is destruction, wanton destruction. Whole families blown away, and that is the background against which I see everything. I don't see normal life as normal. I see it as something which has been snatched back at the brink from universal destruction. I have a very dark view of the world."

Is this why he's so prolific, I ask, sweating mentally at the nine volumes of journalism, six books of poetry, countless song lyrics, travel books and the outrageously large body of TV work he has now accumulated? "Probably, and it may be neurotic; I do all that to

**'I don't see normal life as normal. I have a very dark view of the world'**

stop thinking, to stop facing my own fears."

What happens when he does stop? "I never do, I rest by doing something else..." In television terms, at least, James is a phenomenon envied widely by other presenters for his ability to reinvent himself. During the last 20 years critics have grumbled he was doing too much, diluting his talent, but still the work came. From *Late Night* Clive to *Saturday Night* Clive to *Postcards From...* across the globe, he is one of a tiny minority who have sustained a lengthy career when the car park of television history is littered with burn-out cases.

Friends and colleagues put it down to a voracious intelligence which takes in several languages and roams across many disciplines. This is undoubtedly true. You can sniff his intelligence, it comes off him in waves like coffee from a burning bean on Sambucca. But how does he think he has kept on swapping channels for lots more money and new shows which continue to pull in vast audiences?

"I've seen other people get it wrong," he grins. "The key lies in what you say 'No' to. I've turned

down so many things. Format and a strong team are everything. And I came to it when I was a bit older. Noel Coward said to be a success you have to be able to survive failure."

Does he fear failure? Does he think that his career may suddenly collapse around him? "Not particularly. I don't do star things, I don't look like a star, I don't have the star trappings, I have no star behaviour, no star houses, no star existence."

Mmmm, but I'm sure I remember a photo of him in the summer at Jeffrey Archer's party cradling a glass of champagne as if it were a holy candle. "You go to one and it's reported for years," he shrugs. "It's one of the reasons I keep my family and my social life private. I don't want to present that many hostages to fortune, because fortune can be capricious. As a prominent face and name, I'm just visiting."

Yes, yes, but fame and recognition are powerfully seductive, you have to be strong to resist. "But one of the reasons I'm still here is that I did resist it. I set my own pace, I didn't have it set for me."

active and productive life, you're always scared that you're not really living at all. That you haven't really faced yourself. Brief pause. "That you haven't loved enough."

I give him a blank look and he sighs. "The love tends to go into the work." He laughs, briefly embarrassed, and there is another pause.

"Beethoven wrote the *Appassionata* because he had no one to be passionate with... as any kind of artist that's your consolation. That's your consolation. But there are things I might have missed out on [pause] but I've put that kind of feeling into my work."

This seems such an odd thing to say that I find myself wondering — though I don't voice it — if this is the real reason why he doesn't talk about his family, especially his wife, a lecturer in Italian literature at University College, London. (During the week James lives in London, and goes back to the family home in Cambridge for the weekends.)

ness to duck my everyday obligations. It would be a different life, actually."

What would be the main difference? "There would be less time in the day to do what I think is important, but maybe that would be good for me."

I wonder suddenly how his relationship is with his mother? "Very close, it has been and still is," he says firmly. So how does she cope with his decision to live on the other side of the world? Pause. Rueful grin. "She's a brave woman, they're a brave generation, that's all I can say on that one. It would be intruding on her to say." Pause. "As well as can be imagined I think." Pause. "Maybe we should get the photograph done now?"

I have two more questions. One, did he advise Diana on her Panorama interview? "No," he replies quickly. "Great story, but no." (Friends I think.) Pause. "Maybe does his work actually repay his devotion?"

"Oh yes," he says with no hesitation. "One great character weakness of mine is that I do like to be told by people that they appreciate my work. And I'm lucky, I get that all the time."

## JEREMY HARDY



**No patriots for me, thank you very much**

**P**ATRIOTISM is not necessarily the last refuge of a scoundrel. For Margaret Thatcher, it was a protected tenancy. Generally, the worse the scoundrel, the more patriotic they are. Never let it be said that Hitler or Stalin did not love their countries. And yet every major political party wishes to present itself as the real patriotic party.

You expect it from the Tories. They love Britain — although they don't give a toss about any of the people who live in it. At this conference, Michael Portillo was kept at bay. Last year, his threat to set the SAS on everybody else in the world became a hostage to fortune, and the SAS has made no move to abseil down fortune throwing stun grenades through the windows in an effort to rescue it.

This year, he confined his xenophobia to a fringe meeting, and even then couched it in terms of "globalism", meaning that Britain is best because we're more internationalist than those foreign bastards in Europe.

Michael Howard and Peter Lilley also played down their nationalism, not having made a great success of it. They have been trying to make asylum-seekers feel at home by making them as miserable as they were in the places they fled. But the courts, now the only effective opposition, intervened.

The image of starving homeless refugees wandering the streets does not make many people feel good about being British. In fact, Howard has completely failed to whip up the hostility towards asylum seekers he was hoping for. Most people feel sympathy for refugees, especially when their children embarrass them by growing up to be Home Secretary.

The main flag-waving was left to Dr Mawhinney. My reaction was the same as when Terry Wogan speaks glowingly of "us" while presenting the Eurovision Song Contest. "But you're Irish," I complain to the telly. This is perhaps unfair as Wogan has made his home in our country, and Ma-

whinney is an Ulsterman. That expression tends to be used as a euphemism for Northern-Irish men of the unionist persuasion, partly because they get funny if you call them "Irish" and partly because "Unionist" frequently denotes an intransigent bigot. Anyway, such people insist that Northern Ireland is not part of Ireland but part of Britain, even though serial photography tells us something different.

Major briefly made the obligatory declaration of love for Britain, but it was no more credible than Liberal talking about power. All in all, the conference was less jingoistic than usual, and one has to allow the Tory faithful their patriotism because it is the only thing most of them can articulate.

But it is a dismal spectacle when people who should know better wrap themselves in the flag in an effort to woo the Last-Night-of-the-Proms vote. I assume that Paddy Ashdown knows better because, in his speech to the Liberal confer-

ence, he distinguished between patriotism and xenophobia. Such a distinction is never very convincing. It puts me in mind of the protestations of racists that they are

**Tony Blair invoked the spirit of Euro '96. Like all public schoolboys, he wants to seem passionate about football**

not anti-black, simply pro-white. But let us assume that Mr Ashdown has no dislike of other countries, and ask why he felt it necessary to appeal to Nation rather than Liberalism. Should we save the health service because it is British, or because it is a good thing? Should we have well-funded schools to turn out the Winston

Churchills of tomorrow, or because our children need them? Should we have progressive taxation because it sums up all that is great about this great country of ours, or because it is fair? Should we have decent pensions because the elderly fought for this country or because they are human beings?

Tony Blair invoked the spirit of Euro '96. Like all public schoolboys today, he desperately wants to seem passionate about football. But he has forgotten that England ultimately failed, leaving many people distraught. It is perilous to invest one's whole sense of cultural identity in a kickabout.

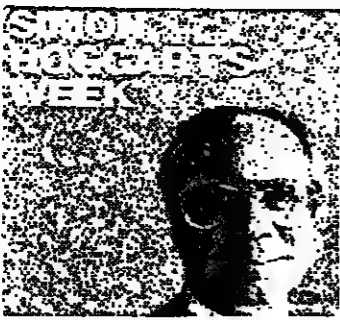
The competition also drew attention to the way the terms English and British are used interchangeably, causing resentment in the other two countries that make up Britain. In any event, Tony Blair does not have a very convincing British identity because he has no identity at all. The last great bid to present Labour as the British party was

made by Neil Kinnock at his last conference. To be fair, he expressed quite well the sentiment that Ashdown tried to tap into, namely that the Tories have destroyed most of what was good about Britain.

For most of us, Britain is a place where we live; for Conservatives it is an idea. But even though Liberal and Labour politicians emphasise community and society, they can't help but wallow in Britain — the idea.

No politician wants to be thought unpatriotic, and if your voice doesn't tremble when you say the words "this country", your allegiance might be questioned.

Not being a patriot is like not being a monarchist or not believing in immigration controls; no respectable politician will risk it. No one with ministerial ambition would ever go on a public platform and say: "All right, Britain's a clapped-out old dump, but Oasis are good and I like a pork pie." But I bet people would vote for them if they did.



Who can you trust if you can't trust the Sun?

MAY be the only non-Sun journalist in the country who rather regrets that the paper was duped into paying a six-figure sum for the fake Di and Major Hewitt tape. Of course I relished their embarrassment (though some of the papers who were crowing most loudly had also been taken in on the Tuesday morning).

calls, and all that really interesting stuff. The Times still prints the Court Circular, which describes what the royals want you to think they're doing, while the Sun tells you what they're really up to.

adultery, in the same way that they decide to steal car radios or pull their sister's hair. By contrast, people are born gay, just as they are born black, Jewish or, come to that, English.

of them so young they were not born when John Major became prime minister. Even in Henley, where she lives, they throw concrete and debris into her garden. Some break through the hedge and abuse her. One hit her on the head with a stone. She is now afraid to leave her house.

the names of his ministerial team, each introduced with a laudatory tagline. I spent a few idle moments wondering how it would be if a minister, overcome by honesty or perhaps Tourette's Syndrome, said what he really thought.

SMALLWEED HIS Spectator diary, the Prime Minister recalls the reception he recently held for leading spokesmen in Downing Street. Particularly the arrival of Gezza - wearing, he says, a suit you could have played draughts on.

# Pets behind bars

Lady Fretwell is sick of putting her dogs in quarantine and wants to see the system scrapped. Dr Vivienne Nathanson of the BMA warns without it we are at risk from rabies. Here we publish their exchange of letters



Farewell to a four-legged friend... but are pets, and owners, being let down by the quarantine system?

Dear Vivienne, I DO NOT LIKE the quarantine system. One day healthy pets are romping happily with their families, the next they are locked alone in cages with sty runs on cement floors. They stay there for six months with no exercise and no family companionship.

Dear Mary, RABIES in humans is an appalling disease. Rabies in animals is equally horrific. We must celebrate our rabies-free status and do everything we can to protect it.

for animals arriving at ports. Evidence of weak links in the procedures necessary to prevent the spread of animal disease across the borders of EU countries have already come to light with the re-introduction to Britain of the warble fly, an infestation of cattle which had been eradicated in the UK.

currently insufficient safeguards to risk the switch to a new system. That is because the Government has failed for two years to put them in place. The BMA listed most of the necessary safeguards 18 months ago, but has preferred to fan rabies hysteria, doing nothing to promote those safeguards.

New Internationalist magazine We write our magazine and get sickening letters like this...



...and we carry on writing our magazine - because we feel it's right to challenge racism, injustice and inequality.

We co-operatively and independently produce a magazine on a different subject each month. It could be racism, hunger or energy. Each magazine is packed full of information - articles, photos, graphs and charts - much quicker to read than a book.

Dear Vivienne, QUARANTINE has been completely effective for the past 25 years because, apart from the New-haven bat, not a single animal carrying live rabies virus has reached the UK in the previous 30 years.

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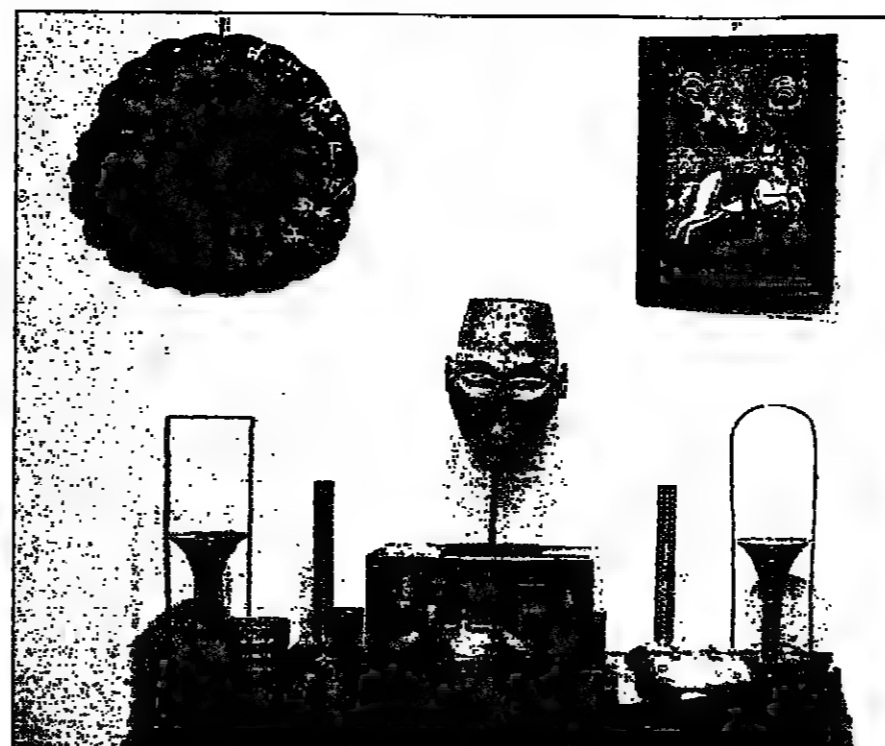
## Doonesbury



BY GARRY TRUDEAU







Leopold's wife, Elisabeth, above right, holds an African mask, one of several in the collection

PHOTOGRAPHS: DAVID SILLITOE

Behind the shabby-genteel walls of this terrace house on the outskirts of Vienna lie a world-class art collection and the now-wealthy obsessive who has put it together over 50 years. Ian Traynor on the man and his passion

# The Getty of suburbia

**R**UDOLF LEOPOLD is restless. He can't sit still. His mind is somewhere else. As he sits chatting in the living room of his modest suburban terrace, he is clearly worried he might be missing something. The sharks of the fine arts salesrooms, his many enemies, his rivals in the salons of Vienna, London, New York or Zurich might at this very minute be pulling a fast one. His is a suspicious mind, forever scheming. An obsessive character, Leopold is Austria's greatest art collector, a cultural magpie of world renown. He is cantankerous and unerring in his passion for the glorious output of 19th-century Vienna, the city of Freud, Mahler, Klimt, Schiele, the birthplace of The Modern. At the age of 71, Leopold has devoted half a century to the unflagging pursuit and capture of paintings and objects d'art. The result is a collection of more than 6,000 pictures and pieces that at its core — hundreds of works by the early 20th century Viennese master, Egon Schiele — outstrips anything in the possession of the Austrian state. The collection, he brags, goes further; the world's galleries and museums combined cannot match it. Leopold is an unlikely connoisseur. Today he is a millionaire, as the most desirable items in his collection have rewarded his investment 10,000-fold. But it was not always so. Until recently, he was running up debts of scores of millions of pounds to satisfy his craving. "Of course, I got into a lot of debt," he shrugs with the air of a man who enjoys supreme confidence in his own judgment. "I always got into debt. If there was something important to acquire because I couldn't let it go." To talk of money and personal wealth is to miss the point entirely, he makes clear. The driving force is to own great art. And then to own more. "It takes what amounts to an insatiable greed to keep adding to an already considerable collection," Leopold's friend and the former

Sabburg curator, Otto Breicha, has written. "But an inveterate collector like Leopold can never assuage his hunger, because a collection can never reach the unattainable state of completeness." "He's been collecting for 50 years and he's never really had any money," says a prominent Vienna art critic. "He lived constantly with the fear of running out of credit with the banks. He swapped stuff, he traded to get what he wanted. He's a maniac. But you need to be like that to do what he has done." It is not wealth, nor upbringing, nor background, but pure congenital infatuation that drives Leopold. By profession he is an optician, as is his wife Elisabeth, originally of modest means from a solid middle-class family. He has inhabited the same charming little house in the north Viennese suburb of Grinzling for decades. The property is completely inconspicuous, part of a shabby terrace of what were once vintners' cottages. But to enter through the front door is to penetrate an extraordinary emporium in which every available inch of floor, wall, and shelf space is occupied by thousands of bits and bobs, from the priceless to the curious, hunted and gathered from every corner of the globe. West African tribal masks jostle for space alongside art nouveau vases and figurines. The top of the grand piano, which Leopold plays, is covered by his valuable collection of ancient German beer jugs. We are sitting under a large Schiele canvas, a sombre double self-portrait from 1915 entitled *Levitatio*. I am sitting on a spare, simple wooden chair. He ventures the throwaway remark: "Oh, that chair you're sitting on, we got that in New York, by Otto Wagner, 320,800 schillings (£20,000)." He points along the wall. "That's another Wagner, the cupboard is Josef Hoffmann, that one is Kolo Moser, the cabinet is Adolf Loos." All of them, outstanding architects and designers of turn-of-the-century Vienna. Leopold shows no trace whatsoever of being oppressed or intimi-



The collector, Rudolf Leopold: The brain of the art history professor and eye of a painter

dated by the priceless domestic clutter. He ushers us into a downstairs room which is his private art warehouse. The walls are lined with Schiele oils. Dozens of other canvases lie carelessly stacked, their backs to the world. There are several thousand artefacts, ranging from ancient Greek amphorae fished up from the seabed to old African spears to mod-

ern classics, hoarded across every available bit of space. Suddenly he has to dash off to another sale in the city while his wife shows us around before serving coffee and apple strudel in the simple unmodernised kitchen. "We used to go up there for dinner and scratch our heads in bewilderment," says the art critic. "There was no security, no

alarms. What if there was a fire?" Belatedly, the house has had security and temperature control systems installed, but Leopold seems less than concerned. He complains he is cold and orders his wife to turn the heating on. No sooner has she obliged than he tells her to turn it off since it will damage the paintings. Leopold has neither time nor inclination to enjoy his now formidable wealth. Not for him the gourmet luxury lifestyle of the international art jetsetter. He is infamous for showing up at his in-

terviews in foreign capitals with a cheese sandwich in his pocket. He neither smokes nor drinks. He rarely takes a holiday. Apart from his family (two sons, one daughter), the collection occupies every waking moment. And that's a lot, because he's a bit of an insomniac. The way Leopold tells it, he instantly developed an obsessive will to appropriate art as a medical student in Vienna in his 20s. For the first time in his life, at the age of 23 in 1947, he entered the city's Art History Museum, was overwhelmed by the Rembrandts, the Velazques, and the unparalleled collection of Breughels. "That was one of the most important days in my life. What I saw that day had an unbelievable impact on me. It really affected me and I decided to collect pictures. I had never been really interested in art because what I'd seen till then I hadn't liked. But looking was the most important thing. On the train or the tram, I'd never read, just look for hours." Three years later he acquired a rare, out-of-print catalogue of Schiele's work, the first such catalogue of an artist then barely known and contemptuously dismissed as an obscene pornographer by the Viennese. "Those pictures told me there could be modern artists of the same rank as the old masters, both in composition and in technique. But the difference was that they were our thing, current, they spoke to our time. I decided then and there to collect Schiele. That was lucky because he was not well-known enough and was also very cheap." **H**E STARTED buying Schiele watercolours for up to £20 a piece, works which now fetch more than £20,000 each. Still a medical student, he gave tuition, stood in for doctors at weekends, to earn the extra money to fund his craving. But he was also neglecting his studies, disappearing for months at a time to give chase to the paintings, the owner, and bagging over the purchase price. "When Leopold has set his heart on acquiring something, virtually any legal means justify the end," wrote Breicha. "The kind of strategies he devises with him chess championships." It is a notoriously bitchy and backstabbing world he inhabits. His peers and rivals combatu-

ously dismiss him as a mere optician, he complains. But he stresses he also studied art history and indeed he is now widely regarded as the world's foremost authority on Schiele. "There is no history of art professor who can touch him," notes the Vienna critic. "He has a fantastic eye, absolutely unique. It's not just the famous paintings; his collection of Japanese, or Chinese, or African sculptures is exquisite. There's no one else like him." The critic is not revealing anything the collector does not know already, because lack of self-confidence is not something that Leopold suffers. "The secret of my success," he confides, "is that I have the brain of the art history professor and the eye of a painter." He is equally forthright in justifying the great loves of his life. "You know, it is a mistake to say that Picasso is the greatest drawer of the 20th century. I am of the opinion that the two greatest drawers of this century are Gustav Klimt and Egon Schiele. I'm not saying that because I'm Austrian or a chauvinist. If I talk of earlier centuries, I wouldn't include any Austrians. Hands are the hardest thing to draw for an artist. And since Albrecht Dürer, no one has drawn hands so magnificently as Schiele." After more than 20 years of bagging with the Austrian state over the fate of the unique collection, Leopold and his adversaries have struck a deal. Leopold drives a hard bargain. "He's a very difficult man," says the critic. A major exhibition of 20th century Austrian art which opened last month in Germany includes none of Leopold's 53 Schiele oils nor anything else from his collection because, the curators said, he set impossible conditions. The Austrian state also played hard to get, offering monetary sums for the collection and conditions he deemed unacceptable. The collection of 5,286 pieces was valued at 7.8 billion schillings or half a billion pounds. He is to be paid in total 2.2 billion schillings, one third of which he is to be paid so he could clear his debts and the remainder paid in annual instalments of 100 million schillings to the year 2007. The result of the deal is that a state museum, named after him and of which he will be the director for life, is to be built. The collection to be housed in it will be safeguarded against anyone trying to split it up. "I've donated 78 per cent of the collection, and sold 22 per cent. In practice it will now belong to the state and to the public." But with the proceeds, the art zealot is already greedily scouring the catalogues, rushing off to the sales, wheeling and dealing on the phone, and starting all over again at the age of 71. "Everything I buy now," he grins, "everything I've bought since the agreement — and that's a lot — ah well, that belongs to me."

## Frivolity unleashed



Leading question... Harvey Nichols withdrew this ad Linda Grant argues, after the Leeds ad controversy, that the allure of the mode will always prevail

**I**N THE new Vanity Fair a 50-year-old photo appears of a mannequin having her Christian Dior New Look dress ripped from her body by an outraged Parisian matron offended at the abundance of fabric that otherwise could have been used to clothe the shivering population of cold, post-war, austerity France. Fashion and the general public often talk two different languages. Designers are frivolous, empty-headed nincompoops with no idea of how real people have to live their lives; the dowdy populace are puritan pragmatists, lacking wit, humour and an imagination large enough to appreciate a creative artist when they see one. Exactly half a century after the New Look, the old war was fought again this week, in Leeds, when Harvey Nichols launched its first provincial store with an ad campaign playing on the city's slogan, Leeds leads. It showed the head of a woman with a dog collar and leash round her neck, the idea, one supposes, being that Leeds women are led by Harvey Nichols when it comes to fashion. However, to city councillor Dooreen Lewis and Leeds film-maker Jane Bradshaw — among scores who complained to the Advertising Standards Authority — the ad

was degrading, dehumanising and perpetuated "racist and sexist stereotypes by showing a black woman in a powerless and submissive position". That the model, Jodie Kydd, is white was an immediate goal for those in Leeds who saw a woman with big lips and assumed, with a certain racism, that she was black. Reactions ranged from those who thought the ad told them they needed to be put on a leash by their husbands, to that of the black chair of the council's women's committee: "I never thought for a moment that you are successful and wealthy women so we are moving up here. Then they patronise us by telling us that we need to be led by them to be fashionable." Thus what must have been meant as an in-your-face joke full of punning irony back-fired, especially when it was posted on a billboard next to a council ad about sexual abuse. Photographers love to talk about the power of images to shock, but there's nothing quite as shocking as being raped. To my eye, the ad's reference is to the fashion industry's current preoccupation with sadomasochism and bondage, that supposedly stylish realm which began as a se-

cretive sexual sub-cult, launched its status as fashion through the magazine *Skin* 2, hit the club scene and, under the patronage of Jean-Paul Gaultier wound up on the catwalks: the reason why your teenage daughter has had her belly-button pierced or wears a chrome spiked leather collar and wrist bands. Fashion always says it meant to offend nobody, that it has no intention of degrading women. Of course not. Nor did Rei Kawakubo mean to insult victims of the Holocaust when he sent his models out on to the catwalk last year in a collection reminiscent of concentration camp uniforms, a kind of Auschwitz chic. One designer confided in a fashion writer this year that he was planning a collection with a "Holocaust theme" and was advised that he should change his mind. Of course offence is given.

DESIGNERS defend themselves by arguing that their work has "social responsibility". This started with fashion's attempt to acknowledge the devastating impact of Aids on the industry. Suddenly designers no longer wanted to remain frivolous, they wanted their work to take on serious meaning by referring to events

they thought they should care about. But your average courtesier is not an intellectual being and the results are embarrassing. It is difficult to manage a relationship between fashion and content when you spend your life in a world of style — how things look, not what they are for, or what they mean. Seeing this, it's easy for realists to denounce fashion altogether. A woman in a dog collar isn't going to have much wit value if your old man beats you black and blue. But the old feminist line — that fashion and ads exploit women — does not say enough to most women who love to dress up. Dismissing them as dupes of a malevolent male-dominated scheme to keep women in chains does feminism no service. My own recent novel, *The Cast Iron Shore*, followed the life from a department store vendusee who joins the Communist Party in McCarthyite America but hangs on to her dress-sense. Fashion is caprice, insouciance and surface. The trick is not to imbue it with a content it doesn't have, but to acknowledge the truth that the social worker, the teacher, the policeman, the lawyer, and everyone else who works at the coalface of human suffering, likes to get changed, comb her hair, apply her

The Cast Iron Shore is published by Picador, £15.99

arts



After every 20th-century trauma a toy bear has come to make it better — Winnie-the-Pooh from the Somme, Paddington from the Holocaust. Even Dunblane, above, was deluged with them after the massacre. Veronica Horwell on why we reach for reassurance

Bear necessity

WAS in this boutique where the Tokyo Expressway ends at the base of Mount Fuji, and like shops in every Japanese high street it was given over to teddy bears. In fact, to Winnie-the-Pooh and Paddington. I picked up a Paddington and watched the sun on Fuji's snow and thought why is the most sentimentally sophisticated nation on earth besotted with bears? Why is the teddy bear as important to 20th-century iconography as cherubs were to the Renaissance?

In the late 19th century nurseries already had "bruits", stuffed bears on all fours, and posh parents had delicate clockwork bear automata. When Steiff's nephew joined her workshop, he developed a plush bear based on drawings from Stuttgart Zoo: a New York buyer scouting for something new ordered 3,000 on the last day of the 1903 Leipzig Toy Fair. By 1907, the Steiff Bärenjahre (year of the bear) the orders were a million.

The bear, then, seems to have appeared at the precise moment when a vacancy opened for both a new commodity — and a mythical beast — of childhood. In the industrialised nations, the middle class had expanded: there were more, and more comfortable, family homes with mass-produced goods for children replacing home-made folk toys or expensive crafted miniatures. It is to this period we owe much of our sense of what the life of an under-seven child should be like: stable, separate from the adult household, with bland food and lighter colours; mother and/or a servant should be available but the child should have privacy and individual creative play. "Safe" were those evenings of the pre-war world. When firelight shone on green linoleum," wrote John Betjeman in Summoned by Bells. This childhood referred back to Rousseau's and Wordsworth's ideals, but it was now made available to a wider market, and promoted in fiction and advertising.

The psycho-professionals were then in their own infancy, and bears were rendering emotional services well before psychologists described them as "transitional objects": these are both "memory mothers" — a reminder of the mother's availability when she isn't there — and blank substitute selves with which to experiment socially. "And turned to Archibald," Betjeman went on, "my safe old bear... Whose woolen eyes looked sad or glad at me, / Whose half-moon ears received my confidence." Bears were permissible toys for boys; early US ones came dressed as firemen, cops or members of Roosevelt's Rough Riders cavalry. They were wild things with growing mechanisms, though their claws were soon no more than vestigial stitches. (Roosevelt, by the way, loathed the beasts.) Within a decade they were any middle-class baby's first possession: there are uncountable studio portraits from 1910-25 of child and bear.

Look at these and you will see that the bears resemble less a muzzled grizzly than their child owners. Their expressions, gestures and postures are those of a child old enough to sit unsupported and perhaps just able to walk. Another transition was made in adult heads; the bear "became" the child, or a euphemism for the child. Think how often an abandoned or damaged bear is used in ads, movies or newspaper photos to suggest something we cannot endure to see, whatever our bloody entertainment tastes: the corpse of a child, or how such toys, or funerary flower offerings in their shape, now mark the death of children.

And bears, battered and furless, remain as spirit repositories of childhood selves. One of the key texts is Evelyn Waugh's novel, Brideshead Revisited, in which he describes the 1923 Oxford of his own youth. Charming Sebastian Flyte, aged 19, son of an ancient, sad, line, enchants the narrator by taking him for a picnic and a spin to the ancestral home with Sebastian's bear, Aloysius, between them: "Take care he's not sick." Waugh uses Aloysius anecdotes to establish Sebastian's appeal. The narrator first hears Sebastian's name and title from an Oxford barber, who has had "ample chance to tire of undergraduate fantasy", but was "plainly captivated" by "The Marquis of Marchmain's second boy". Sebastian has just ordered an ivory-backed hairbrush to threaten Aloysius "with a spanking when he was sick". Since the rest of Waugh's Oxford character-through-objects, like the narrator's Medical Press edition of A Shropshire Lad, is spot-on, presumably the bear was precisely observed. Now a Victorian undergraduate, if moneyed or well-connected, could have been barking but would have passed unremarked if his eccentricities were robust. The public appearance of Aloysius, however, had to wait until a display of quasi-innocence was acceptable in young men. By the 1920s, when a generation had had the innocence beaten out of them in the Great War, innocence must have seemed a retrospective state of grace. The bear was seen as belonging not only to a child's personal Age of Innocence but already to an historic Golden Age of security. "Sebastian is in love with his own childhood," remarks Marchmain's Italian mistress. "That will make him very unhappy."

A unvoiced association of bears with melancholy, and some blessed state soon to be lost, seems to have been a prevailing mood. In 1923, Alan Alexander Milne was a 41-year-old professional writer and amateur golfer. In youth, he had used his natural facility for dashing off light comedies to earn a good living at Punch with froth about girls called Cynthia and Dahlia, and had gone on to write internationally successful plays about battered toasts and household trouble. Milne was an innate pacifist, but had felt obliged to join up in 1918; by 1919, he was a signals expert on the Somme, repairing the

phone lines under fire before Mametz Wood, a name which resounds still with horror. That winter, he was invalided home with trench foot. The money he earned through written nonsense paid for a very dependent wife, a son, Christopher Robin, born in 1920; and a brother slowly dying of TB. Milne drifted in 1923 into writing verse for children. His first collection, When We Were Young (decorated by Punch artist E.H. Shepherd), had such a direct line to the times that many copies were bought by adults for adults, and Milne was immediately a cult, a man attributed with access back to innocence. Those who read the poems felt that Christopher Robin... "saying his prayers" was innocence. Kermit and Teddy Inn, Roosevelt's son, called on Milne en route to shoot tigers in Indo-Turkistan, to get their copies signed: Theodore was almost in tears because he only had an American first edition.

A sequel made his fame so intense that on Christmas Eve 1926, the main banner headlines across the front of the London Evening News simply read "A Children's Story" by A. A. Milne. Milne, pressed for time and inspiration, had written down a bedtime story about Christopher Robin's bear, bought in Harrod's for the boy's first birthday. Milne's workload not being daunting that winter, a book continuing the episodic activities of a

bear named Winnie-the-Pooh was soon ready and he supervised its production, working with E.H. Shepherd, for whom he did not much care — Shepherd had enjoyed his war. The collaboration continued through the sequel, The House at Pooh Corner. Pooh's appearance was based on Growler, the genuinely loved toy of Shepherd's own son; but Pooh's psychological identity, as you may understand by reading G.R. Milne's painful autobiography The Enchanted Places, was Milne's construction. I don't want to sound like a pastiche scholar in The Pooh Perplex, but true innocence has been transferred from the child Christopher Robin to Pooh. As Milne's biographer Ann Thwaite writes, Pooh is at once "childlike, egotistical, humorously boastful and self-deprecating... brave and unselfish", and accepts "things without really understanding them" — much of the Great War soldier about that last one.

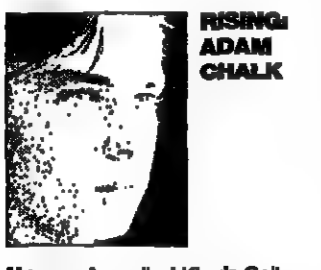
Most of us share with Dorothy Parker an allergic reaction to Milne's private-world-in-Chelsea mannerisms: "And it is that word 'bummy', my darlings," Parker snarled, "that marks the first place... at which Tomstant Weader followed up." But the last two pages of Pooh do express a boy/man's sense of loss as he moves towards the values and work-schedules of the adult world, leaving the bear behind in safe stasis, custodian and representative of what he once was: "I'm not going to do anything any more," says Christopher Robin. "Well, not so much. They don't let you."

Which is why, I suppose, the Japanese see their genius for knowing when they see a symbol for transitoriness, for the patches of things, are acrophobes (bear lovers) to a man. The two commonest words in Japanese literature are "sadness" and "nostalgia". Paddington is nostalgically sad, too; according to Michael Bond's recent autobiography Bears And Forebears, his suitcase and displacement were unconsciously based on world war two refugees stranded in Paddington, where Bond lived when he wrote the first book in 1958. I had always wondered why, since he was a Peruvian emigré, Paddington's native language did not seem to be Spanish. Of course, it must have been Yiddish.



And I forgot an important fact. You remember Teddy's bear, the cub he wouldn't shoot if it wasn't freed. Somebody dispatched it with a knife.

SHOOTING STARS



Up... A pupil of King's College School from the age of nine, Chalk breaks into the biggest time, in a school production — and British premiere — of the 1920s American musical Good News. Singing his little heart out in the lead role, he's spotted, which leads to... Up... Never The Sinner, a psychological courtroom drama based on the Leopold and Loeb homicide case, in which Chalk takes a starring role, and which garners great acclaim and near-capacity crowds in Edinburgh this summer. The play is spotted again, by producer Paul Sypher, who brings it to... Up... The West End, Young Chalk, still a sprightly 19, out of school and planning university, takes to the stage of the Arts Theatre this week. All this, and his features adorning the new Twix advertising campaign.

Going... 'I punish sloppiness,' says Mark E Smith at the peak of The Fall's powers. 'I run a tight ship.' It's true: he's revered as one of the finest lyricists of his time. But with those brazen words, Smith foreshadows a spectacular decline. Going... Tuesday of this week. The Fall at Worthing Assembly Hall. Well, sort of. Smith spends the day in the town's taverns, arrives an hour late for his gig, there's no lead guitarist, Smith throws the mike into the throng, assaults the roadie with his stand, goes off stage for 15 minutes, comes back stilled and leering, goes off, comes on, leaves after 40 minutes. Gone... The Fall-out. The PA company withdrew from the tour. The band's promoters abandon them too. Worthing Council don't pay for the gig. The Folkstone show is cancelled. Ouch. And yet... 'I'm quite pleased,' says Ian Tim Kaye, 23. 'He treads a fine line between stupidity and brilliance.'

Last week, Keith Burstein attacked atonal music as elitist. Composer Thomas Adès tells him to go back to cranking out laments for Bosnia

The art of noise

Provocations IN 1919 the German composer Hans Pfitzner was writing a cantata, On The German Soul, which he hoped would take the world by storm. Avid for popularity, he published an attack on his struggling contemporaries Schoenberg, Berg and Webern. Look at Schumann, he told them. Every drawing-room in Europe has its copy of Träumerei; everyone loves it, and what's more, even you must admit it's a masterpiece. Alban Berg responded with an analysis of Träumerei, proving it a brilliant bit of technical engineering. Schumann sets himself task after task; these are apprecia-

ble by the connoisseur, but only subliminally to the amateur. There isn't a wasted note. What Pfitzner, like the current crowd-tribe of easy-listening apologists, failed to notice were the great heaps of musical detritus written for the very market Schumann gave Träumerei. Thousands of disposable pieces, written by men without ambition or imagination — Ludwig Berger, Wilhelm Taubert, Julius Rietz, author William Sterndale Bennett, for that matter. English music was crippled for two centuries by the ugly national mistrust of art. Try naming a single world-class masterpiece of English music between 1700 and 1899. You can't; there isn't one.

Pfitzner was still happily at work when Nazi propagandists branded England "the land without music". They were quick to jeer at the ease with which Handel and Mendelssohn have conquered the English ear with their shameless Continental professionalism. Sir Thomas Beecham was right: "The English can't stand music, but they absolutely love the noise it makes." "Music" is what Berg found in Träumerei: something deeply private, internal, secret, necessarily obscure. "The noise it makes", on the other hand, is what misleads dilettantes like the journalist, Keith Burstein and the academic Sir James Beament (Letters, Thursday) into claiming some "logical

LET THE SCALES FALL FROM YOUR EARS.

connection" between the naturally occurring overtone series and what they call "beautiful music". I'm sure Sir James's knight-hood was "logical" given whatever his achievements in agriculture have been, but he certainly didn't get it for his musical acumen. Only a don could still need to be told that art has precious little to do with logic, and music least of all. Their appeal to science would be more convincing if either of them could get their facts right: both fudge the

numbers. The fact is that the overtone series is infinite; rich in what Burstein called "dissonances", besides, it can be used to support any system at all. As for the anti-style in which Burstein's own compositions flounder, somewhere between an organist's improvisation manual and an A-level aural test, it's about as natural as Bobby Crush in plastic shoes. His claim that Mozart's work owes its beauty to the overtone series is a harmless lie, but to call middle-of-the-road posters Oasis That's what I call a wrong note. For the first time in her history, Great Britain's new music leads the world. Its range, refinement and boldness are as never before the envy of every other culture; it may take decades but one day every member of the public will feel the benefits of this international success. This situation implies a culture brave enough to allow art to seem strange, difficult, even unsettling. A new score — a great one might appear once a year, once a

decade, once a century — can be as galvanising as a new planet, and as bewilderling. Now, mediocre artists always attempt to capitalise on vestiges of public suspicion. Take Mr Burstein. His real concern isn't music, nor the noise it makes. It's money. He must know, deep down, that his music doesn't deserve any prizes; but he and his Hecklers will get by boozing nonagenarians, cranking out laments for Bosnia, Marchioness Requiem, Elegies for John Smith. Even if handbags are banned, there will always be another disaster for the Hecklers to hymn. But the rest of us should remember how long this country's philistinism fixed its musical status somewhere between Iceland and Bulgaria. We are finally on top; it's time for the cowards to start facing the music. No one knows what it will sound like: it may or may not have tunes; but it must, and will, be free. Thomas Adès is Fellow Commoner in creative arts at Trinity College, Cambridge. He is currently working on a piece for the CSO and Simon Rattle

Street life

Wide at heart

Michael Billington on h...  
Yankness

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CHANNEL SURFING STUART JEFFRIES

Street life

EVERYTHING was slower then. And the scene at the corner shop was no exception. "Are you going to buy that loaf?" asked Tricia Hopkins finally, breaking off from a hard day's gossiping over the counter. "No, I'm just standing coddling it because I've mistaken it for a cat," said Emily Bishop, more sharp-tongued than memory serves. "Well, give us 17 pence and we'll call it Tiddies."

WAVE RIDING ANNE KARPE

and exercised it with abandon. Not content with haranguing her ex-husband (a feisty performance by Alex Jennings), she also laid into the au pair and the in-laws, demanding recognition of her heroic industry in raising a little musical genius.

Wilde at heart

FORGET paracetamol, aspirin, Night Nurse. When you're poorly and under the duvet, there's no better like a portable radio play — the hammer the better. But not every subject can be given the treatment with impunity, and it was a little disturbing to hear *The Trials of Oscar Wilde* (Radio 4) rendered into an adequate but pedestrian drama, with Wilde's early days of a relationship — all sex, drugs, and teasing — soured by the arrival of a baby. She ends up in her 40s as a bewildered single mother, ferrying her musically gifted son from piano class to cello lesson.

shovelling or pouring vast quantities of unhealthy filth into his mouth. There was once a choice scene at the Rover's when Hilda bought Stan a half. The import of his subsequent complaint was: woman, you have callously slashed at my very vitals, more than impugning my masculinity. Manhood came in pints in Stan's world. There was an unexpectedly affecting scene in which Hilda asked Emily, Tricia and Annie Walker what they thought of a lacy smock she had bought to try to look younger. It was a lacy smock that made her look merely silly. But only Tricia had the cruel kindness to tell her what anybody else with eyes to see was thinking: you are mutton dressed as lamb, Mrs Ogden. Jean Alexander's face ran through embarrassment and shame and back again before she fled from the shop to change out of the top for good. Coronation Street is being supplied in Stan-sized portions, far too big for anyone to take in without seriously damaging their health. Granada Plus is screening two episodes every weekday evening and one at breakfast, plus a weekend omnibus. Tonight it is showing a three-hour themed evening entitled *The Lives and Loves of Hilda Sallow*. And all this before Coronation Street 1996-style is broadcast four times a week. It's going to be very hard to ignore Coronation Street in future. Which is more than can be said for *Aldon Mark* (Granada Plus), a soap that didn't take. On Thursday they showed the first episode from 1965, a clamouring instalment crammed with establishing detail. It was a sad experience: all that effort, all those ghosts who never became memorable enough to haunt us. *Frasier* (Channel 4), too, had its ghost, the spectral Diane, who had left Frasier at the altar in Boston only to track him down in Seattle years later. She was a playwright now and had recreated the bar at Cheers as the set for her latest work. For Frasier, as for us, this was an uncanny experience and not a pleasant one, like interfering with the bones of the dead. Though the first half of the show was an elegantly witty as well as a second collapsed into surreal poignancy. Emotional truth should have no place in Frasier's screwball world.

Given my lack of enthusiasm for so many radio plays, why wasn't I more delighted by playwright John Fletcher's exhorting attack on Third Programme drama in *Third Words* (Radio 3)? Fletcher, rightly arraigning most dramatists for not using the medium's strengths, evoked David Hare and Edgar along with almost every other prominent dramatist, while indicting the subsidised theatre as a provider of work for upper-class twits now that the empire's been lost. Heaping hyperbole upon invective, he was clearly trying to be controversial, absurdly overstating his case. Fletcher also implied that he alone had found the Holy Grail. And if I hear that cliché about radio again — the one about them having all the best pictures — I'll throw my tranny at the speaker. That'll give 'em pictures.

Hormone conquest

Cortes triumphs again... but only in the field of public relations. Judith Mackrell finds the 'sex god' merely mortal

The hype

IT'S HARD to look dispassionately at any man who's been personally dressed by Armani, has been described as "pure sex" by Elle MacPherson and is alleged to turn on women by the thousands wherever he goes. Wouldn't you have to have problems with your hormones not to love him too? But there's another reason why it's hard to get a straight view of flamenco star Joaquin Cortes — he's been obfuscated by a blizzard of hype. For weeks, his publicists have been trumpeting the advent of "a pagan sex god" and his photograph — a study in black-browed intensity and sensual arrogance — has been smouldering on the walls of every tube station in London. He's been advertised as one of the world's greatest dancers and the man who's transformed the art of flamenco. (In Spain, they're so thrilled with their new export that they've named a public square after him.) Yet there's probably not a dancer in the world who could live up to such image-mongering — and in cold fact there's nothing in Cortes's show *Gypsy Passion* that matches the thrill of his poster. Nothing except perhaps his first entrance. As dry ice swirls politically around a stagelike flickering candle, we suddenly spot Cortes stalking slowly down the long centre aisle of the Albert Hall, wearing only a black sarong. With his dark hair flowing, his face chilled in a beam of golden light he makes out like some ancient deity. Primed for sexual frisson, at least some in the audience squeal...



Surprisingly small talent... Joaquin Cortes is frequently outdanced by his uncle DAVID SILLITOE

Even more surprisingly, given our Jewish expectations, there's barely a whiff of animal magnetism about his performance. Cortes just doesn't look hungry. His movements don't eat up the space, and though he may flirt with us, we don't feel the force of his will. In fact, his most electrifying moments are those where he appears in close-up on the two screens that beam out live images of the show. Cortes is a star of video, not of the stage. He may look better in someone else's choreography, but his own (and this is the next disappointment) is unsophisticated and dull. His much-mimed "flamenco fusion" turns out to be very traditional-looking moves with some added rock-star preening for himself and a few extra high kicks and jumps for the women in his company. (Sensibly his co-stars Reyes and Berriel dance the open choreography.) Cortes doesn't invent, he just strings together steps. Of course, the show isn't meant to be judged as pure dance, more as a rock spectacular with its big lighting effects, amplified band and catwalk costumes and, as such, it has been trashed by purists. I have to admit here that my own bias is also for the dourst kind of flamenco. What I really love are those dumpy, cross-looking women who come on stage as if they were going to market, and then unleash demons on to the stage — their feet trampling ancient griefs, their arms ululating rites of passion. I love those middle-aged men who look as if they might choke on their pride but who dance like angels. I love the intensity of a single dancer hammering rhythms so fast and complex that you feel the surrounding space ready to shatter. But flamenco obviously can't exist in a time warp, and where Cortes's show makes really interesting progress is in its music. Composed by Pepe "El Montoyita" and Juan Parrilla, it adds flutes, violin and double bass to the traditional guitars, and builds up a complex play of rhythms and colours. The singers, particularly the women, raise the hair on the back of your neck. Yet they are essentially singing in a vacuum. When you see and hear a really great flamenco show the performers become almost impersonal conductors of rhythm and emotion. They plug into a history, a culture much larger than themselves. The disappointment of *Gypsy Passion* is that even with its high-tech trappings it doesn't add up to a powerful event. The emotion is too glibly manufactured, the climax too stage-managed and the images too facile. Even the water which sprays to such suggestive excess from Cortes's hair doesn't look like real sweat — he hasn't danced hard enough to produce it. So, however expertly he works on his audience, drumming up little bursts of hysterical applause, his dancing doesn't cast a spell. On Thursday the crowd were fidgeting and chatting, and some even walked out. Cortes may sell out wherever he dances, but it is a triumph of hype over experience.

Is this the best live band in Britain? Probably. David Bennun gets down with The Prodigy in Brighton

Prodigious talent

The future

THIS SET is a lounge. Maybe this is a sardonic joke. Long one of the most popular bands in the UK, The Prodigy received paltry mainstream media coverage until Firestarter hit Number One earlier this year and its unerring video finally shot them into living rooms across the country. More likely, they just fancied the idea of a front room stage set. The Prodigy don't lunge beside the bass with unnecessary sophistication. That's part of their appeal. They came out of the early nineties hardcore techno scene, where every record had to be louder, faster and harder than the last, and are the only act to survive that era in recognisable form. This is mainly due to Liam Howlett, one of the great musical wonderkids

of the age, who, despite his determination to hang on to his underground credentials, simply cannot stop himself writing astonishing pop songs. To him, rhythm, melody, and sound are all of a piece. His tracks are monolithically inviolable, and if they don't make you want to jump out of your skin, you should check that you have a pulse. Far from being exhausted by a summer on the festival circuit, The Prodigy have returned more thrilling than ever. Since the release of their 1994 album, *Music For The Jilted Generation*, they have been the most exciting live rock 'n' roll act in the country. Oasis notwithstanding. Not bad for a band whose music is produced almost entirely through a large bank of gadgets. The Prodigy have one musician, Liam, and three frontmen. MC Maxim is the vocalist. Mainly, he shouts. He has a rubber-and-iron larynx, flexible and unfeasibly durable. Not once does he lose his pace or his pitch. He's not a rapper, nor does he attempt to be; he's more an MC in the old-fashioned sense. He holds things together and keeps them moving. Meanwhile Leeroy, a man constructed from pipe cleaners, performs unique, undulating dances as if he learned to use his limbs via a correspondence course.

Then there's the other dancer, Keith. Keith is the face of The Prodigy, a gurning, studded, violently-coiffed face. He perfectly represents the notion of the band as electronic punks. His catchphrase is "Aaaaargh!" and he uses it to best effect on Firestarter. Even this pales beside the slower and more incendiary *Poison* — mockingly dedicated to one C J Bolland, who borrowed from it on his recent hit, *Sugar Is Sweeter*, much as Jesse James used to borrow from banks — and the ferocious *Voodoo People*, while a clutch of new tracks

promise that the next Prodigy album will be another extraordinary piece of work. The venue was packed with early to mid-teens, the only people with the energy levels to truly appreciate a Prodigy gig. The band have reeled this audience without a hint of pandering or compromise. They no longer bother to play any of the huge hits from their first album. That's nostalgia. The Prodigy are perfectly modern. It's everybody else who needs to keep up. The Prodigy play Brighton Academy tomorrow night.

Michael Billington on how actors are learning to play American Yankness — we got it

The revival

CAN British actors embrace the punishing physicality of Sam Shepard's *Fool For Love*? I had my doubts at the National in 1994 when they seemed to be playing a difficult away-gam. But in Ian Brown's echoing revival at the Donmar Warehouse, Lorraine Ashbourne and Barry Lynch, who is actually Irish, get much closer than their forebears to the bruising frenzy of this strange piece of desert Strindberg. They play Eddie and May. Two characters playing a cat-and-mouse game in a motel room on

the edge of the Mojave desert. He is a stuntman-on-cowboy; she is working as a cook. He has travelled 2,000 miles to reclaim her and whisk her off to Wyoming; she both resists and needs him for reasons that become brutally clear. Shepard finally reveals that the grizzled old dreamer who watches over the action isired them both and that they are irrevocably bound together by blood and lust. Shepard is writing about the destructive obsessiveness of love: as May says, "I get sick every time you come around then I get sick when you leave." But the play also operates like a piece of mood-music, picking up various motifs

from the American experience: macho notions of ownership and infidelity, the idea of quest and pursuit, the preference for dreams over reality. Eddie succumbs to the rural idyll just as his and May's father is haunted by the notion that he was once married to the country singer Barbara Mandrell. Shepard gives us essence of America in 90 minutes; and Ian Brown, in his first production since leaving the Traverse, artfully suggests the play exists in some borderland between the real and the imagined. Every slam of the door in Robin Don's cheap motel-set carries a reverberant echo, neon plays across the characters'

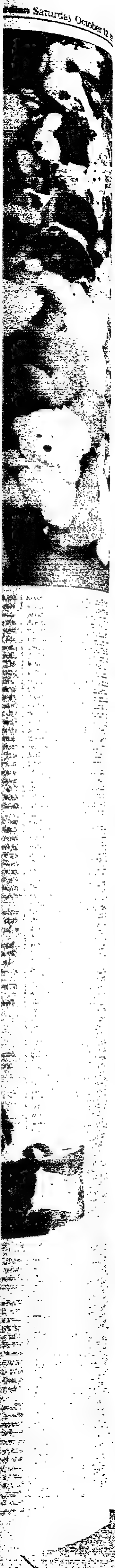
faces, guitar-sounds twang in the night air almost like the breaking string in Chekhov's *Cherry Orchard*. But the hard part is conveying the mix of eroticism and violence. British actors are well equipped to do the savage pillow-fights in *Private Lives*; less so Shepard's form of self-accusation. But Ashbourne catches May's blend of teasing toughness and self-abasement. Dressing for a date, she snaps her stocking-tops shut with provoking guile yet also hurts herself at doors, walls and floors with merciless abandon: her droll may be erratic but her body language is perfect. The real test for Eddie comes when he lassos the bedpost with a steel-rope in an attempt to impress May. American actors do it with negligent ease; British actors do it with furred brow. Lynch, however, persuades me that he belongs on horseback — even his walk is a riot of clanking spurs — and equally

that he is drawn to May by primal need. At the end you feel that what you have witnessed is a ritual of pursuit and retreat that will go on as long as they live. Gawn Grainger also has exactly the right leathery shiftiness as the Old Man who is the source of the tragedy, and Martin Marquez does all that is required as the docile lawn-tender who is May's movie-date. But what is intriguing is that British actors are gradually learning to acquire American rhythms. They still have problems as Laughlin. On *The 23rd Floor* shows, with reflex wisecracks. But just as Suchet and Rigg capture the alcoholic love-hate relationship at the heart of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* so Ashbourne and Lynch are here driven by a similar mixture of longing and loathing. The Americanisation of Britain, it seems, has its artistic pluses. Donmar Warehouse, London (0171 369 1732) to November 30.

Book of the Week Food In England

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Golf

India add to Scots' roll of dishonour

David Davies at St Andrews

THERE have been many Scottish sporting embarrassments but the latest one, perhaps, takes the poppydom. To a long list of sorelines like Costa Rica 1, Scotland 0 and Iran 1, Scotland 1 at soccer and Paraguay 2, Scotland 1 at golf, add another imperishable: India 2, Scotland 0.

Despite having every conceivable advantage in yesterday's round of the Dunhill Cup, the team representing the home of golf, at the home of golf, in typically nervy fashion, lost to a team of unranked and unremarked Indian players.

Furthermore Colin Montgomerie, the world No. 2 and the European No. 1 for the past four years, lost to Gaurev Chel, who has won in Chandigarh and Kathmandu but never dreamed of a moment like this.

Montgomerie birdied the last to break 80 but Chel, plainly nervous, played the final hole with a drive that finished up against the out-of-bounds fence to the right of the first hole, two scuttled shots on to the green and two tentative but successful putts.

That left the contest balanced at 1-1 and Andrew Coltart had to go to extra holes with India's best player Jeev Singh. Both hit the first green but Coltart, from 35 feet, left his first putt four feet short and then missed that one as well.

Coltart was lucky to get that chance. Singh, also obviously nervous, had an eight-foot putt for a birdie on the last to win outright, but hit it too softly.

"What can I say?" said Montgomerie afterwards. "I only needed Peter Ballers to add 'Goodness gracious me!'"

The wind should have been a help to the Scots but hindered the whole field. Helping on the front nine, it brought about some horrendous back runs. Mark Mouland and Jonathan Lomas both took 45, Emanuele Canonica 43 and even Nick Price needed 41.

England, despite a solid lead from the top from Barry Lane, surrendered their last two matches rather tamely to the United States. Lane had to take on Mark O'Meara, who on Thursday had gone round

St Andrews in 63 with a six at the 17th. This time the American took 12 shots more. He again double-bogied the Road Hole while Lane, remarkably, had 18 successive pars. But behind them Jonathan Lomas and Steve Stricker were busily passing the parcel, with the American going out in 38 to hand the Englishman a four-stroke lead. Stricker got two of those back at the 12th, with a birdie to a bogey, and then Lomas hit two successive drives out of bounds at the 14th. That meant a nine and the effective end of the contest.

Now it was down to Lee Westwood and Phil Mickelson, the latter the leader of the American Money List this year and a winner of four tournaments. But Westwood, a tournament winner himself, does not lack confidence and despite being three down at the turn he fought back to be level after 14 and one ahead after 15.

Mickelson, one of the world's great putters, was bogging nothing, finding difficult, plain nervous, played the final hole with a drive that finished up against the out-of-bounds fence to the right of the first hole, two scuttled shots on to the green and two tentative but successful putts.

That left the contest balanced at 1-1 and Andrew Coltart had to go to extra holes with India's best player Jeev Singh. Both hit the first green but Coltart, from 35 feet, left his first putt four feet short and then missed that one as well.

Coltart was lucky to get that chance. Singh, also obviously nervous, had an eight-foot putt for a birdie on the last to win outright, but hit it too softly.

By now a piper was practising on the embankment behind the R & A clubhouse and those doleful strains have never done much for the English. Westwood was shorter off the tee than Mickelson at the 18th which had two advantages, giving him the chance to play a full shot and get maximum spin and to play, and get his blow in, first.

Instead he left his ball 15 feet short of the pin and Mickelson, with a deft pitch and run, ran his to five feet. It earned him a vocal salutation of "Yeah" from a lone American spectator and, almost inevitably, he holed after Westwood had, of all things, left his first putt short.



What do I do now? ... Japan's Kazuhiro Takami seeks inspiration from his inscrutable caddy PHOTOGRAPH: DAVID CANNON

Kite flying spurs Ballesteros to recall former glories

Michael Brittan in Madrid

THE GLORY days have lately been fewer and further between but the competitive fire still burns fiercely within Seve Ballesteros, especially when a Ryder Cup opponent is around. When the American is Tom Kite, his rival captain for next

year's match at Valderrama, the Spanish sorcerer can be relied upon to summon strokes of genius from his remarkable repertoire.

He scored a second-round 68 in the Oki Pro-Am at La Moraleja yesterday, linking a 30-yard bunker shot at the 7th and producing an eagle and two birdies in the last five holes.

who scored the last of his 54 European Tour victories in the Spanish Open in Madrid 17 months ago, one shot ahead of the 45-year-old Texan and into the half-way lead alongside Yorkshire's Stuart Cagle, the Swede Joakim Haeggman and another Spaniard Pedro Lalhart at six under par.

"It was one of my best rounds of the year," said Ballesteros, who holed from six yards to birdie the 14th, and also for his eagle three at the 18th after clearing the water with a mental force-wood. There he charged down a 10ft putt for his fifth birdie at the short 17th.

"I know how much we both want to play at Valderrama," smiled Kite, "so credit me for his revival."

Sport in brief

Top Olympians lash 'confused' Britain

OLYMPIC competitors have condemned the "fragmented and confused" structure of British sport and criticised administrators as they called for immediate action to smooth the way to the Sydney Games of 2000. They want less bureaucracy, more financial help for elite athletes, and a key role for the new UK Sports Council.

The blueprint for success was drawn up by members of the Top 100 Club at a one-day seminar in London following Britain's disappointing performance in Atlanta. It was chaired by the rower Jonny Searle, who won a bronze, and included three silver medalists — the athletes Iwan Thomas and Jamie Baulch as well as the yachtsman Ben Ainslie.

Clubs skating on thin legal ice

CLUBS unlawfully terminating playing contracts affecting their members are being threatened with "the strongest possible action" by the Ice Hockey Players Association. "It's disappointing that so early in the season some clubs are releasing players or terminating employment without following their own contractual terms and conditions," said the IHPA secretary Joanne Collins yesterday, writes Vic Batchelder.

"Clubs are openly inviting legal proceedings and the IHPA will be instructing its solicitors to act on behalf of those players who have valid claims for damages," added Collins, who identified the Castlereagh, Dumfries and Kingston clubs as being among those she considered at fault.

Super League an 'exhibition'

THE AUSTRALIAN Rugby League yesterday launched a 12-team competition for 1997 after its naming sponsor, Optus, dismissed Rupert Murdoch's rival Super League as a series of exhibition matches. The ARL chief executive, John Gower, said the Premiership would begin on March 14 in direct competition with a likely 10-team Super League in Australia.

Geoffrey Cousins, chief executive of Optus, said of the Premiership: "This is the real thing." While the full Premiership programme will not be released until next week, it will kick-off with a match between Parramatta and North Sydney.

Benn hauled before board

NIGEL BENN must appear before the British Boxing Board of Control next month over an alleged bust-up in a London nightclub in which a man was reportedly left needing 106 facial stitches. Benn will appear at the next board meeting shortly after his WBO super-middleweight title rematch with Ireland's Steve Collins on November 9 in Manchester.

Mongia's maiden century

NAYAN MONGIA's maiden Test century put India in command of the one-off match against Australia in New Delhi yesterday. The opener and wicketkeeper hit 137 not out to lead India to a second-day total of 319 for six, 137 ahead. Mongia's previous highest score in 13 Tests was 89 against West Indies at Bombay in 1984. He received admirable support from Sanjay Ganguly, who made 66.

The Sussex fast bowler Ed Giddins will have his appeal against a 30-month ban for taking cocaine heard by the TCCB on November 9.

Johnson breaks tour record

BRITAIN'S Trieb Johnson hit nine birdies and a hole in one to break the American Express Tour record with an 11-under-par 62 in the opening round of the French Open at Arles yesterday. Seven of Johnson's birdies came in the first 13 holes then she holed an eight-iron tee shot at the 121-yard 14th.

Jackman on course for final

NORFOLK'S Castle Jackman routed Germany's Sabine Schmitz 9-4, 9-2, 9-5 and then saw an unexpected path open up to the World Open squash final when the defending champion and No. 1 Michelle Martin was also beaten in Malaysia yesterday. Martin lost her quarter-final to a fellow Australian, the No. 5 Liz Irving, 4-8, 10-4, 9-5, 9-5, in only 46 minutes.

Advertisement for EA Sports featuring a large image of a golf ball and the text: 'Many believe golf is the most challenging game on earth... Prove it.' Below the image is the EA Sports logo and the slogan 'IF IT'S IN THE GAME, IT'S IN THE GAME.'

Table of sports fixtures including Nationwide League, Scottish League, and various regional leagues. It lists teams and match times for various sports like football, rugby, and hockey.

Large vertical advertisement on the right side of the page, partially cut off, with the text 'BE A SUCCESSFUL FIRST PAST THE...' and 'Work with TV'.

Advertisement for 'BE A SUCCESSFUL PUNTER WITH FIRST PAST THE POST'. The ad promises a racing information service with weekly updates on a 1000-odd selection of horses. It includes contact details for P.O. Box 54, Manchester, M23 9SE.

York with TV form

Table of racing results for York on Saturday, October 12, 1996. It lists 13 races with winners, runners, and distances. Race 1 is a 14.0f Handicap, Race 2 is a 2.45f Maiden, Race 3 is a 2.45f Maiden, Race 4 is a 2.45f Maiden, Race 5 is a 2.45f Maiden, Race 6 is a 2.45f Maiden, Race 7 is a 2.45f Maiden, Race 8 is a 2.45f Maiden, Race 9 is a 2.45f Maiden, Race 10 is a 2.45f Maiden, Race 11 is a 2.45f Maiden, Race 12 is a 2.45f Maiden, Race 13 is a 2.45f Maiden.

Racing
Papering in trim for another Cumani coup

UCA CUMANI, the Newmarket trainer, has had a good record in the Yorkshire Oaks and the Nassau Stakes before taking a fourth success in the Group Three race at Ascot this afternoon.

Led (2.30), who had a three months lay-off before finishing second to Air Express at Yarmouth. Before that he was fifth in the Norfolk Stakes at the Royal meeting after winning in last time at Ripon.



Cumani... good record

Two more owners take horses away from Pipe
MARTIN PIPE's wife Carol yesterday played down the rumour that all was not well at the champion jump trainer's yard.

Table titled 'Worcester National Hunt card' listing various races such as 'Royal Hunt Handicap', 'Coburg Hunt Handicap', and 'Worcester Hunt Handicap' with details on prize money and conditions.

Table titled 'Bangor (N.H.)' listing races like 'Bangor Hunt Handicap' and 'Bangor Stakes' with details on prize money and conditions.

Table titled 'Hexham (N.H.)' listing races like 'Hexham Hunt Handicap' and 'Hexham Stakes' with details on prize money and conditions.

Table titled 'Results' listing various races such as 'Ascot', 'Carlisle', 'Huntingdon', and 'Worcester' with details on winners, runners, and distances.

Ascot with TV form

Table of racing results for Ascot on Saturday, October 12, 1996. It lists 12 races with winners, runners, and distances. Race 1 is a 2.00f Maiden, Race 2 is a 2.30f Maiden, Race 3 is a 2.40f Maiden, Race 4 is a 2.40f Maiden, Race 5 is a 2.40f Maiden, Race 6 is a 2.40f Maiden, Race 7 is a 2.40f Maiden, Race 8 is a 2.40f Maiden, Race 9 is a 2.40f Maiden, Race 10 is a 2.40f Maiden, Race 11 is a 2.40f Maiden, Race 12 is a 2.40f Maiden.

BBC-1

Table listing BBC-1 racing programs including 'Ascot 2.00', 'Ascot 2.30', and 'Ascot 2.40'.

BBC-1

Table listing BBC-1 racing programs including 'Ascot 2.40', 'Ascot 2.45', and 'Ascot 2.50'.

BBC-1

Table listing BBC-1 racing programs including 'Ascot 4.00', 'Ascot 4.05', and 'Ascot 4.10'.

BBC-1

Table listing BBC-1 racing programs including 'Ascot 4.10', 'Ascot 4.15', and 'Ascot 4.20'.

BBC-1

Table listing BBC-1 racing programs including 'Ascot 4.20', 'Ascot 4.25', and 'Ascot 4.30'.

BBC-1

Table listing BBC-1 racing programs including 'Ascot 4.30', 'Ascot 4.35', and 'Ascot 4.40'.

BBC-1

Table listing BBC-1 racing programs including 'Ascot 4.40', 'Ascot 4.45', and 'Ascot 4.50'.

BBC-1

Table listing BBC-1 racing programs including 'Ascot 4.50', 'Ascot 4.55', and 'Ascot 5.00'.

BBC-1

Table listing BBC-1 racing programs including 'Ascot 5.00', 'Ascot 5.05', and 'Ascot 5.10'.

BBC-1

Table listing BBC-1 racing programs including 'Ascot 5.10', 'Ascot 5.15', and 'Ascot 5.20'.

BBC-1

Table listing BBC-1 racing programs including 'Ascot 5.20', 'Ascot 5.25', and 'Ascot 5.30'.

BBC-1

Table listing BBC-1 racing programs including 'Ascot 5.30', 'Ascot 5.35', and 'Ascot 5.40'.

BBC-1

Table listing BBC-1 racing programs including 'Ascot 5.40', 'Ascot 5.45', and 'Ascot 5.50'.

BBC-1

Table listing BBC-1 racing programs including 'Ascot 5.50', 'Ascot 5.55', and 'Ascot 6.00'.

BBC-1

Table listing BBC-1 racing programs including 'Ascot 6.00', 'Ascot 6.05', and 'Ascot 6.10'.

Soccer

United profit from phantom takeover

Tony May

TAKEOVER bid that never happened pushed Manchester United's value up by £39 million...

bing to secure control of the club. But as the share price reached 517p, United took the unusual step of issuing a public statement...

pany. The board is not aware of any proposals. Whitbread, UNM and Granada also kept their distance...

ternazionale \$2.5 million for the forward. Carbone admitted he had even taken a pay cut...

where David Fleet plays me. Money is not as important as the football. As soon as I heard Wednesday were in for me...

set to end his unsuccessful time with Nottingham Forest by joining Venezia in a deal ultimately worth £900,000...

weeks in Scotland playing for Falkirk. Brighton have banned the photographer Stewart Weir from their ground for three months...

First Division Norwich 3, Ipswich 1 Burns recalls rebel

Patrick Glenn

CHERISHED by the fans but distrusted by the management, Pierre van Hooydonk will return to the Celtic team to face Motherwell at Parkhead today...

Baby, just look at him now

Martin Thorpe on the striking arrival from Norway of Ole Gunnar Solskjaer

IT WAS too good to last. The arrival of baby-faced Ole Gunnar Solskjaer at Manchester United must have persuaded Alex Ferguson...

the ball. He's made all the players sit up in training and take note of his technique and finishing. Apart from owning the fastest feet in the west...

His opening goal glut at United is nothing new. When he broke into the Norwegian Olympic side in 1994 he scored four goals in his first six games...

McLaren has not played this season and has a cartilage removed in the summer. "It was still giving him pain, so we had him in again for the surgeon to take another look..."

Cardiff block Neal's move Russell Thomas PHIL NEAL found himself in soccer limbo yesterday when Cardiff City obtained a High Court injunction...

Shearer rules out new operation ALAN SHEARER yesterday dismissed fears about his health. It had been thought that the Newcastle and England striker might be out for six weeks...

A N Other LANCASTHIRE-BORN, his dialect carrying no hint of another lilt, this distinguished defender was still denied to England by his antecedents. After wearing the proud white of his home town he nested with a flock of gulls before flying higher with birds of a more vivid hue...

new house with his girlfriend Silje, has been enthusiastically embraced by his new teammates, especially Cantona whom he singles out as being of particular help...

the football here, playing with these great players, and Old Trafford is my favourite ground. I'm never going to leave. Football, however, comes complete with downs as well as ups, and for strikers that means unexplained and sudden periods without scoring...

received a message that he had not boarded his flight and had not left the country. Keegan, sounding more puzzled than angry, delivered the news at his regular Friday press conference...

Asprilla misses flight and leaves Keegan up in the air Michael Walker FAUSTINO ASPRILLA, nothing if not unpredictable, yesterday neglected to return as scheduled from international duty with Colombia and was posted as "missing" by a bemused manager Kevin Keegan...

TEAM SHEET Blackburn v Arsenal Ray Hudson's no-win league situation has prompted the inclusion of the unused teenager James Beattie and Damien Duff in a Blackburn squad missing the greatest striker in the world...

Derby v Newcastle Matt Cotton looks likely to make room for Paul McGrath, Derby's signing from Aston Villa, who is set to link up with Igor Simac and Gary Rowles in a three-man central defence...

Performance of the week: Alan Shearer, England's saviour against Poland on Wednesday at Wembley.



The baby-faced assassin... Solskjaer's instant impact at Old Trafford is acknowledged by Cantona

Manchester U v Liverpool Alex Ferguson cut on all his options with the exception of Roy Keane, still recovering from knee surgery...

Tottenham v Aston Villa The striker Chris Armstrong is doubtful again for Tottenham, with ankle trouble and the deputy Rory Allen is shaking off a virus...

Coventry v Southampton Coventry will be without Regis Gonsky with a groin injury suffered in a comeback game in the reserves...

Talking about Tallinn

Soccer Diary

Martin Thorpe

WELL, Wednesday in Estonia, certainly gave the lie to the old cliché about it being a game of two halves. The question is, though: what would have happened in Tallinn if Scotland's captain John Collins had lost the toss?

S PARE a thought for the Ipswich manager George Burley. On Tuesday he is set on a double scouting mission. First to Wolverhampton, to watch England Under-21. But a bomb scare delayed the kick-off until 10pm...

THERE are no known pictures of Poland's best-known former goalkeeper in action - no, not Tomaszewski, the Pope. Nick Hazlewood discovered this when he wrote off for information for his book on goalkeepers in The Way. But the Vatican still tried to be helpful. It sent him a photograph of a pitch the Pope had played on.

THE annual Tory Party Political Press game took place at Dean Court the other day. In the bar afterwards one of the Tory team asked Bournemouth's chairman Ken Gardiner: "So when's my trial?"

ON THE Wor path: the Brewer Vaux, which sponsors Sunderland FC, has just appointed a new sales manager: Jackie Milburn, son of.

WAS it placed there especially for the Dhoti faithful? In the middle of Monday's Gazza documentary, an advert for Orange.

TALKING OF Gazza: "I don't want any more bad publicity or hassle. I don't want my son to grow up and hate me." And as for his love life: "I caused her a lot of upset. I used to go out drinking but now I've come to my senses. I've quietened down." No, not Jimmy "Five Bellies" Gardiner. The pair share a friendship and, it seems, scriptwriter.

HE MAY be clear about the route to goal, but he seems confused about his emotions. "Nerves? What are they?" Alan Shearer. "Excitement, yes. Butterflies, sure. But I never get nervous." Hang on a minute, Alan. Let's go through this again. You never get nervous but you do get butterflies...

SO, WHAT is the difference between John Major and Brighton and Hove Albion? John Major's Conference fears are over. And surely this cannot be right: Brighton fans heard singing "If you hate Bill Oddie clap your hands"?

HE WILL try his hand at management himself one day, he says, but it will have to be the right job. Not for him a dead-end lower-division club where you can be the greatest manager in the world, but where it is difficult to get success and they just get somebody else. From Ian Ridley's book, Season in the Cold, 1992. The speaker? Archie Gemmill, recently sacked by Rotherham.

REMEMBER blood-spattered Terry Butcher who was fearlessly through any pain barrier to play for England? Well, he had to pull out of the mid-week game between the English press and Polish press. He had a voice-training lesson at the BBC.

Vertical advertisements on the right edge of the page, including 'The art Villeneuve', 'Rugby Union: England', and 'Premiership FC'.

Handwritten text at the bottom of the page: 'Diplo 201/200'.

Motor Racing

The art and craft of Villeneuve the natural

Richard Williams on what drives the Canadian who could become the first rookie to take the F1 title tomorrow

EYEBROWS were raised when Jacques Villeneuve first turned up in the Formula One paddock...

The very different ways in which the two men cope with the burden of following famous fathers set the tone for the whole year

Hill was 15 when he lost his father. Villeneuve was 11. Neither of them had time to build a relationship...

whereas Hill will not. Villeneuve has something of his father's cherubic looks...

For all his street style, Villeneuve has a sharp understanding of his own value. When he decided to take racing seriously...

Less endearingly, they attempted to deter a reputable author from writing an unsanctioned biography by cutting off his access to family and team sources.

The tone of the season was established during the opening race when Clear saw Hill leaving the pits just ahead of his own driver and shouted to Villeneuve over the intercom: "There he is! Get and get him!"



Something to trade... the born racer Villeneuve and his team's owner and mastermind Frank Williams compare notes

CLAIRE MACINTOSH

RUGBY UNION: THE HEINEKEN EUROPEAN CUP

England take the plunge

ENGLAND'S record in the Heineken European Cup has been dispiritingly poor...

and Welsh clubs' arrogant plan to turn the competition into their own cat-paw...

to put extra steel into the likes of Toulouse and Cardiff, last season's champions...

Cardiff, Milan, Munster, Toulouse, Wasps THE group of death, headed by Toulouse...

BATH should beware of South Hastings and his ambitious young crew of Edinburgh all-ports when they line up for today's opening European Cup match at the Recreation Ground.



Robert Armstrong on the Scotland centre who leads out Edinburgh at Bath today

Captain Scott's boys in at the deep end

Edinburgh have also been given a hand by Hastings's club Watsonians, who recently invested £100,000 in state-of-art floodlights...

"There has been a lot of friction up here between clubs and districts over who should represent Scotland in the European Cup," he admitted.

POOL A

Bath, Dax, Edinburgh, Pontypridd, Treviso

POOL B

Leicester, Leinster, Llanelli, Pau, Scottish Borders

POOL C

Brive, Caledonia, Neath, Harlequins, Ulster

POOL D

Cardiff, Milan, Munster, Toulouse, Wasps

Bulls have their eyes on Carling

THE former England rugby union captain will Carling could reverse the current trend by turning out for Bradford Bulls in the Super League next summer.

been back to him yet," said Peter Deakin, the Bulls' marketing executive.

Results

Soccer TRANSFERS (as at Friday, Oct 11, 1996): Peter Deakin, the Bulls' marketing executive.

Tennis

ATP GA TROPHY (Miami): Andre Agassi (USA) 6-4, 6-3, 6-4 vs Andre Agassi (USA) 6-4, 6-3, 6-4.

Baseball

PLAY-OFF SERIES: American League New York Yankees (AL) 4-2 vs Cleveland Indians (AL) 4-2.

Chess

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP: Garry Kasparov (Russia) 6-5 vs Anatoly Karpov (USSR) 5-6.

Cricket

ONE-DAY TEST (New Delhi): Australia 152 (Ponting 45, McGrath 37) vs India 118 (Mangaonkar 37, Ganguly 6).

Hockey

WORLD CUP PRELIMINARY (Zugdidi): Switzerland 5-2 vs Canada 2-1.

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SEE RORY ON A STICKY WICKET. Don't miss David Gower knocking Rory McKinnon for six tonight. "They Think It's All Over," BBC1 11.50pm.

# The Guardian Sport



### St Andrews Day Massacre

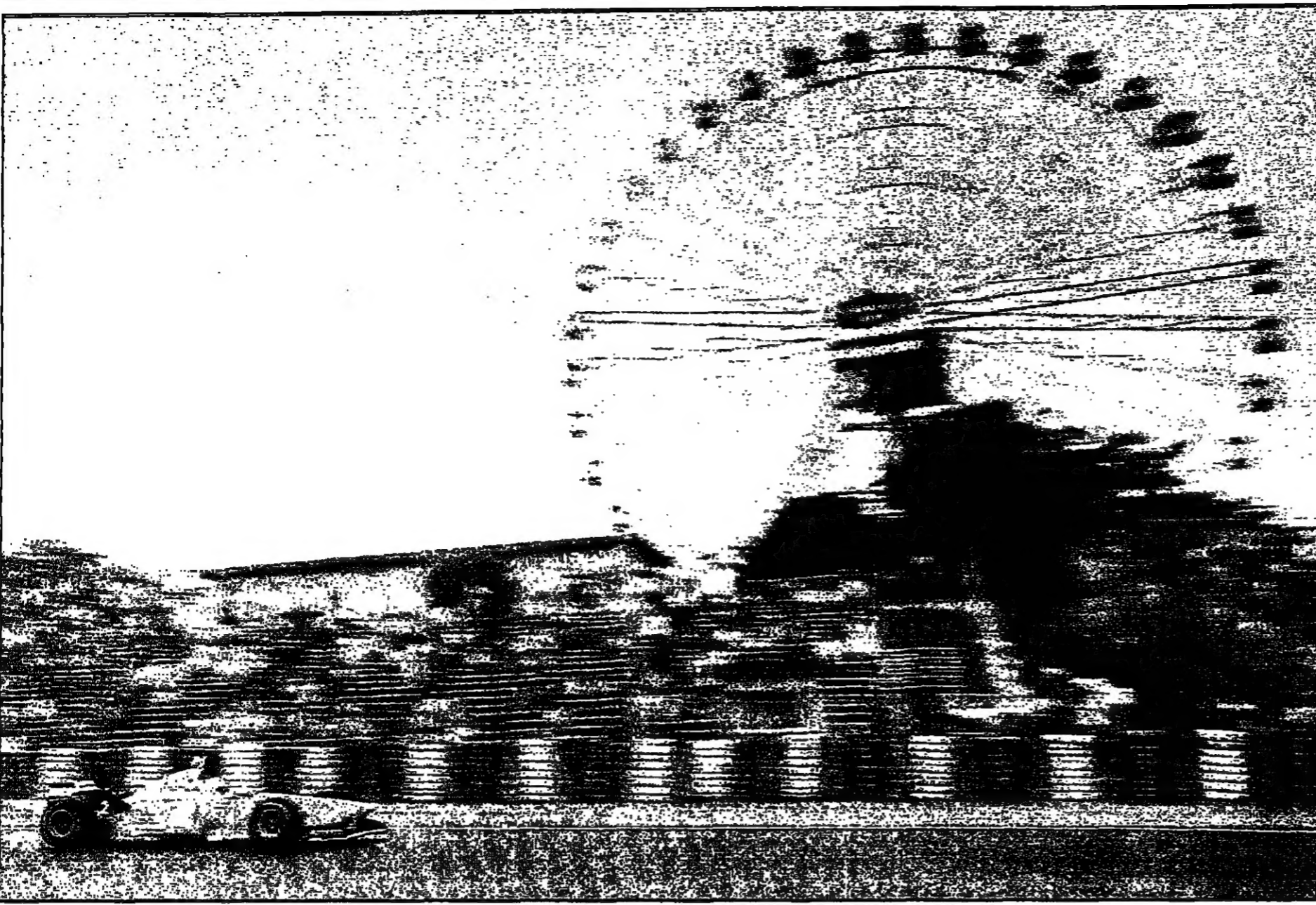
Scotland go down and out to India 20



### Baby faced assassin

Life at Man Utd with Ole Solskjaer 22

## GRAND PRIX SHOWDOWN



Wheel of fortune... the outgoing world champion Michael Schumacher takes his Ferrari into third place in free-practice at Suzuka yesterday

MIKE COOPER

## Hill gets in condition for all weathers

Alan Henry at Suzuka

INTERMITTENT rain and wildly-changing track conditions complicated the normally well-ordered routine of Friday's free-practice session for tomorrow's Japanese Grand Prix here, leaving the championship contenders Jacques Villeneuve and Damon Hill an uncertain fourth- and fifth-fastest.

Yesterday, with the track surface drying throughout the session, there was no point in attempting to fine-tune the chassis for conditions that could have altered significantly before the cars had accelerated back on to the circuit.

Even so Hill, who has to gain just one point to clinch the title even if Villeneuve wins the race, finished the day in a cautiously-optimistic mood. "I think that was a good start," he said. "I am quite happy with the car at the moment, and in both dry and wet conditions it was competitive."

Michael Schumacher's Ferrari could complicate the equation. "It would be nice for Damon to win the world championship," said Frank Williams, Hill's employer until tomorrow. "He has matured very well over the four years he has been a grand prix driver for Williams. I think Tom [Walkinshaw of TRW Arrows] has got a very fine product coming towards him. I am very pleased for him."

ceding the speed-limit in the pit lane. Hakkinen, the second fastest yesterday, is hoping that McLaren's three-year absence from the winner's circle might be over. The Finn had finished a superb second here last year behind Schumacher's Benetton. "The car performed as well as I expected as it seems to suit this kind of circuit," said Hakkinen, "although we still have to resolve some problems between the level of grip and the car's handling balance."

that he may conceivably help his arch-rival Hill to clinch the championship was not lost on the Ferrari driver who was third fastest. "But I think Damon fully deserves to win the title this year," he said with a grin. Hill can reassure himself in the knowledge that Walkinshaw is unconcerned whether the Arrows car carries the No. 1 or not next season. "Number one on a car means nothing whatever to me," said Walkinshaw, who also announced that Hill will be partnered by the Brazilian Pedro Diniz, "because Frank Williams is number one." No arguments there.

## Gone-blond Gascoigne grows grey



David Lacey

YESTERDAY, May 27 2007, was Paul Gascoigne's 40th birthday. Slipping the slim-line tonic which has been his strongest staple for 10 years or more, the man once described as the Hero of the Stupid recalled the week which changed his outlook. "People probably won't remember it now," he said, "but it was that programme about us on the box that did it. There were shots of me changing my baby's nappies and I had lots of letters asking me how I'd managed to find the right end. That really got us down. Then we played Poland and it was funny, they all seemed a lot faster than I remembered."

"And now he speaks English nearly as good as me." Gascoigne - "Please don't call me Gazza, he no longer exists" - has sent his oldest son to Eton. "I did think of Harrow," he said, "but they had too many bookings." At this point two elderly beagles staggered to their feet and asked to be let out. "That's Mel and Len," said their master. "They've been faithful companions. I'd hate to see them put down." He has, of course, received hundreds of birthday cards. There are greetings from Sir Graham Kelly, the former chief executive of the Football Association who was knighted for services to football in King William V's first birthday honours list after the abdication. And there is a card from an old ecclesiastical chum, the Rev Vincent Jones. Another from Kelly's successor at Lancaster Gate, apologises for being too monstrous, monster busy to attend a discreet birthday supper party, strictly TT. In any case the world of football is still stunned by the loss of a legend.

GASCOIGNE will be at the memorial service for Ken Bates - "a shocking business that, one of his own 'sons too' - and will read the lesson should Matthew Harding be too overcome to attend. It will be taken from the Book of Revelation. "What was it Wittgenstein said?" Gascoigne mused. "The world of the happy is quite another than the world of the unhappy. I've been thinkin' a lot about that since I did me Open University degree in modern philosophy. "Only the other day me wife was in the East End, doing her charity work, you know, when this old man selling the Big Issue comes up to her. 'Are you Mrs Gascoigne?' 'Yes, she says. 'Well, give my regards to Paul,' he says. 'And the next time he sees Tel, would he say Alan sends his regards and hopes there are no hard feelings.'"

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### Euro 96 profit bodes well for World Cup hopes

Martin Thorpe

ENGLAND'S dreams of hosting the 2006 World Cup were greatly enriched yesterday by the news that Euro 96 made a record profit of £69 million. Uefa's ability to turn a handsome profit on a tournament in which England matched the best teams on the field and avoided trouble off it will go down well with Fifa when it chooses a venue for the second World Cup of the new century.

### FA £4 million, the winning Germans collecting £6 million and Scotland £2.5 million.

The other £22 million will go into Uefa's Special Fund, dedicated to the development of the game in eastern Europe's emerging nations - new floodlights in Tallinn perhaps? Despite fears that the FA would make a loss, it made a £500,000 profit on staging the tournament and will receive a further £750,000 from Uefa. Each of the eight host stadiums will also share £5 million for ground hire. Uefa predicted a large profit from television rights, advertising and sponsorship given the increase to 16 competing teams. But it had only budgeted for 70 per cent ticket sales per match when in fact games were 90 per cent sold out. The tournament's success also boosted the game in this country and the economy as a whole, said Double. It was also a personal triumph for the tournament director Glen Kirton who leaves the FA next month for a job in sports marketing. "I always hoped we could leave a legacy for the future," he said yesterday.

### Quiz Answers

1. Stuart Higgins, editor of the Sun and victim of the "hoax of the decade".
2. Stuart Higgins, editor.
3. Stuart Higgins, editor.
4. (a) Burhill Golf Club, which hosted 10-year-old Lennie Briggs because he was adopted.
5. (a) Steve Ferguson.
6. (a) Patsy Kensit.
7. All of them. Nicholas Scott was found drunk in the street; Sam King published a novel about sex and lingerie in the House of Commons; and John Redwood seemed to suggest he might submit a vote for James Goldsmith.
8. The Consumers Association, who said that burgers and meat were healthier than Italian mince mixed with tomato salad, oil dressing and Parmesan shavings (and about £20 cheaper).
9. Andrew Lloyd Webber, who was celebrating 10 years of musical triumph and marital happiness at a Phoenix of the Opera party.
10. Houdini's critical ground.
11. Yorkshire County Cricket Club announced it was abandoning its search for a ground-level site in Wakefield.
12. No. Scotland were awarded the game when Estonia failed to show up for the Spain kick-off.
13. (a) Samuel Beckett, whose poem One Breath of Night borrowed up 20 years after its composition.
14. (a) The Pope, who lost his pontificate.
15. Peter Wilby, editor of the Independent on Sunday and not the victim of the "hoax of the decade".

### How you rate:

- 1-4 Dependent
- 5-9 Good
- 10-14 Check your answers
- 15 You've got it taped

## Guardian COLLINS Crossword 20,782

A copy of the Collins English Dictionary will be sent to the first five correct entries drawn. Entries to Guardian Crossword No 20,782, P.O. Box 315, Mitcham, Surrey, CR4 2AX, by first post on Friday Solution and winners in the Guardian on Monday October 21.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
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1 Mr Fiat gets right up one's nose! (14)  
2 Tell the difference between slandering and sitting? (7)  
3 It's rigged when sailor goes over the equator? (7)  
4 One left first-year ancient history? (5)  
5 Superior air canal unblocking upper cavities? (9)  
6 Dead man with his eyes open? (9)  
7 He wrote "The Return of Pinus"? (9)  
8 Circular gold seam? (5)  
9 Madness way beyond Land, I hear? (9)  
10 Quoted in "Persuasion" by many? (9)  
11 Eaves-dropping around this Greek? (5)  
12 Spend morning with Bess about here? (7)  
13 Sick friend put out by smoker's gear? (7)  
14 If she, say, is a gooseberry, isn't h-her de trop perhaps? (3,5,6)

**Across**

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**Down**

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2 Monsters concealed inside lady's slipper? (7)  
3 "Someone had - (annoyed into the Light Brigade)" (9)  
4 Philip Phipp's love set free in Fitzgerald? (7)  
5 Love and charity detailed in leading pulse? (7)  
6 Like Scottish portridge in Samosa? (Garneson) (5)  
7 Sassy bearing Napoleon and Arles? (7)  
8 North American-ness a problem for polymath (11,3)  
9 Limp-wristed, feeble yet upright in the Piazza San Marco? (9)  
10 Home counties rising in tree appeal? (7)  
11 "I have Sind", punned Napier, "with 100 captives and no way back!" (7)  
12 Fascist leader getting into debt. Is made to feel small? (7)  
13 Stings Reclabbe for a pound in topless joints? (7)  
14 Inclined to be up to no good, accommodating student? (5)

**COLLINS ENGLISH DICTIONARY**

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**CROSSWORD SOLUTION 20,781**

Across: 1. MURDERER, 2. MURDERER, 3. MURDERER, 4. MURDERER, 5. MURDERER, 6. MURDERER, 7. MURDERER, 8. MURDERER, 9. MURDERER, 10. MURDERER, 11. MURDERER, 12. MURDERER, 13. MURDERER, 14. MURDERER.

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